The Nation

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, MAY 13, 1915.

Summary of the News

The German doctrine of military necessity was carried to its logical conclusion on May 7, when the Cunard liner Lusitania was sunk by a submarine off the Irish coast. The "scrap of paper," the execution of hostages, the sacking of towns, the imposition of fines in Belgium, the use of asphyxiating gases in Flanders and the poisoning of wells in Africa, the sinking of the Falaba, the Gulflight, and now the Lusitania—never was there more conspicuous example of terrible consistency. Public opinion on the affair throughout the civilized world is recorded in the universal horror and indignation of the daily press; public opinion in Germany is reflected in the perfunctory and belated expression of regret by the German Government for the loss of American lives and in the ill-concealed rejoicing of the German press over the exploit.

The Lusitania, according to the best information obtainable, was torpedoed at 2:30 in the afternoon of May 7 when some eight miles off Kinsale, on the south coast of Ireland. She was apparently struck by two torpedoes in quick succession and sank in less than twenty minutes. On account of her heavy list to port, only a few lifeboats could be launched, and some of these overturned. Captain Turner, who was on the bridge at the time, and who was saved after being in the water for some hours, on feeling the impact of the first torpedo seems to have turned the vessel's head for the shore and ordered full speed ahead, hoping to reach shoal water. The second torpedo, however, completely disabled the vessel, and the very fact that she had considerable way on her retarded the lowering of the boats. According to official estimates of the Cunard Line, 764 of the Lusitania's passengers and crew were saved. The loss of life is in the neighborhood of twelve hundred, of whom 102 were Americans. Eighty-six Americans were saved.

No announcement as to the course which the American Government will pursue has, as we write, been made—allusions to the affair in President Wilson's speech at Philadelphia on Monday night cannot be taken as indicating the policy of the Administration. Elucidation of the main facts of the case was simplified by the official statement issued in Berlin on May 8 that the ship was torpedoed by a German submarine. The German statement also declared that the Lusitania "was naturally armed with guns" and had "large quantities of war material in her cargo." In other German quarters, notably the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the statement is made that the Lusitania "carried armament of twelve strongly mounted guns" and that "she was more strongly mounted with guns than any German armored cruiser." These statements have been absolutely denied by the British Admiralty in an official statement, and the denial is endorsed by Dudley Field Malone, Collector of the Port of New York. The legal aspect of the case, according to international law, is therefore fairly clear and is unaffected by the question of whether quantities, large or small, of munitions of war were included in the cargo. In this connection, attention has been called to the fact that, had the liner been escorted, she would have been in the position of a man-of-war and the German submarine would have been justified by international law in sinking her without warning.

The destruction of the Lusitania and the sending to their deaths of twelve hundred non-combatant men, women, and babies seem to have been the culmination of the renewed activity of German submarines which we noted last week. Previously, since we wrote last, they had disposed of ten British trawlers and three British freight ships, the Latham, the Candidate, and the Centurion. Naval experts hold the view, which can hardly be doubted, that elaborate preparations had been made by the German Admiralty for the attack on the Lusitania, and that a whole flotilla of submarines had been detailed to lie in wait for her at various points. Precedent, according to which, after a burst of activity, the submarines return to their base to recuperate, would lead us to expect a period of relative calm for the next two weeks.

The situation between Italy and Austria appears, as we write, to be more critical than at any time since war began. The meeting of Parliament, which was to have taken place yesterday, has been postponed until May 20. No official information as to the status of negotiations is available, but it is reported that the Italian Government has dispatched something in the nature of an ultimatum to Austria-Hungary, and rumor at the beginning of this week was persistent in asserting that a definite limit of time had been set for the receipt of a reply. Meanwhile, preparations for war have gone forward, and there is no doubt from the dispatches that a considerable exodus from Italy of German and Austrian citizens has taken place.

In our editorial columns we comment on the battle of West Galicia, the most important of recent military operations. On the western front an incessant struggle has proceeded around Ypres, but without any appreciable change in the relative positions of the two armies since the readjustment of the British line following the German offensive in this region at the end of last month. The famous Hill 60 has again been the scene of desperate fighting. A part of it was apparently recaptured by the Germans early last week, but by the end of the week most of the trenches lost seem to have been taken back again by the British troops. Two offensive movements have been undertaken by the French with some success. On May 8 there was a renewal of the offensive movement, initiated a month ago, on the Fecht River, in Alsace, with a resulting gain of some two-thirds of a mile along a front of about a mile in the direction of Metzeral. Sunday's French report recorded an offensive of considerable proportions north of Arras. The movement is said to have extended over a front of between four and five miles and to have resulted in the capture, in places, of three lines of trenches and of more than 2,000 prisoners. The aggressive movement of the Allies in this quarter apparently continues. In the Dardanelles slow but steady progress by the Allied troops is reported.

It was officially announced on Monday that the German Government had expressed to the Government of the Netherlands its sincere regret for the destruction of the Dutch steamer Katwyk, which was sunk off North Hinder Lightship on April 14 by a German submarine.

The original proposals of the British Government, approved by nobody, for coping with the liquor question have been abandoned, and a substitute amendment to the Defence of the Realm act passed its second reading in the House of Commons on Monday. The new amendment provides for the complete prohibition of the sale of spirits less than three years old, and gives the Government control of the sale of liquor in areas in which munitions of war are being made.

In his speech in the House of Commons introducing the British budget last week, Mr. Lloyd George estimated that the cost of the war to Great Britain, if it lasted during the whole of the fiscal year (to April 1, 1916), would be £1,136,434,000. Should the war only last six months longer, Great Britain's estimated expenditure during that time would be £790,458,000. He estimated that the country's total revenue during the fiscal year would be £270,182,000. The net cost of the war to Great Britain during the first eight months, Mr. Lloyd George said, had been £307,000,000, and as a result of the operations the national debt now stood at £1,165,857,000.

The crisis between China and Japan, on which we comment elsewhere, was happily averted at the end of last week, after Japan had delivered an ultimatum to the Chinese Government on May 7. The demands of Japan were modified in the ultimatum by the withholding for future discussion of the whole of Group V, which contained those demands most objectionable to China. The Government of China replied to the ultimatum with an unqualified acceptance of the demands in their modified form, and a treaty embodying the points upon which agreement has been reached will be signed by the two countries.

During the present week the Atlantic fleet, under the command of Admiral Fletcher, has been anchored in the Hudson. The fleet will be reviewed by President Wilson on Monday next, after which it will leave for the regular spring manœuvres.

The deaths of the week include: Sir William H. Gowers, May 4; Prof. William B. Graves, Rev. Theodore C. Williams, May 6; Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Justus Miles Forman, Charles Frohman, Elbert Hubbard, Father Maturin, Charles Klein, Sir Hugh Lane, Julian de Ayala, Fred S. Pearson, May 7 (on the Lusitania); Franklin Guiterman, Rt. Rev. Charles H. Colton, May 9; Baron Randolphe Natili, Rt. Rev. Camillus P. Maes, Rt. Rev. Lawrence Scanlan, May 10.

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The Week

The expressions of regret that have come from Ambassador Bernstorff and from the German Government have a certain value as manifesting some degree of recognition, on Germany's part, of the proprieties and courtesies of human intercourse. The absence of such expressions would have argued an indifference to appearances amounting almost to a wilful welcoming of the ill opinion of Americans, and of neutrals generally, where no purpose was to be served by it. Even for so much we must be thankful, nowadays; it indicates a disposition to follow civilized ways in the discussion of what our Government may present for the consideration of the German Government as a result of the Lusitania slaughter and of preceding violations of our maritime rights. As to the substance of the matter, of course, the German communications concede nothing whatever. Of more significance is the official announcement that the German Government has expressed regret for the sinking of the Dutch steamer Katwyk, which was blown up by a German submarine on April 14. The explanation is made that the act was caused by the steamer being mistaken for an enemy ship; and the Government undertakes to make compensation. While this has no bearing on the case of the Lusitania, the sinking of the Gulflight falls into the same class, on its face, as that of the Katwyk, and it remains to be seen whether the same explanation will be offered. The German position, as expressed by many of its most conspicuous exponents in the press —and nearly enough implied in official utterances—would justify the destruction by a submarine, without warning, of a neutral ship carrying munitions of war, or even contraband generally; and there will be all the difference in the world, as regards the Gulflight question, according as its sinking is ascribed to error or referred to the exercise of a belligerent right against neutral ships.

"Our resources," said the British First Lord of the Admiralty on Monday, "do not enable us to provide destroyer escorts for mail and passenger ships." Reading Mr. Churchill's statement, one is driven to believe that Great Britain still expects to win the war by muddling through. Foresight, imagination, recognition of the formidable nature of the task that confronts the Allies, are not to be found in a Minister who argues that, because all mail and passenger steamers which enter British ports could not be convoyed, therefore the Lusitania could not be convoyed. Cannot the British Admiralty see the distinction between the Lusitania and any other ship, unless it is her sister ship, the Mauretania? The Germans struck at the Lusitania less as a ship than as a symbol; she was the queen of England's merchant fleet, and her destruction was intended as a shattering blow against England's prestige on the seas; and with effect. Zeppelins bombarding Westminster Abbey or Buckingham Palace would be a parallel to the sinking of the Lusitania within British waters. If Germany, in order to score her moral victory, as she views it, thought it worth while to incur the odium of massacre, to run the risk of hostilities with this country, surely it should have been worth while for the British Admiralty to detach half a dozen destroyers to prevent the monstrous blow. It may have been over-confidence; it may have been sheer lack of foresight. In either case it appears that, after ten months of war, England still imperfectly visualizes what a task and what sort of an opponent she has on her hands.

The "armed Lusitania" may now take its place alongside "unneutral Belgium" in the story of that campaign of unblushing falsehood and calumny which has formed as distinct a part of the German Government's plan of operations as has the 42-centimetre mortar or the use of suffocating gases in attack. "The Lusitania was naturally armed with guns"—such are the first words of the official communication issued at Berlin on Sunday, after the sentence containing the bare announcement that the Cunarder was torpedoed by a German submarine. Leading German papers had made more exact specification. The Berlin *Tageblatt* declared that the Lusitania "carried armament of twelve strongly mounted guns" and that "she was more strongly mounted with guns than any German armored cruiser." When such statements began to appear in the German press, the British Admiralty at once declared that they were wholly false. On Monday morning we knew it beyond peradventure. "The Lusitania was inspected in the customary manner," says Collector Malone, "and no guns were found on her. Any report that she was armed is incorrect. Beyond the goods mentioned in the manifest, which has been made public, nothing was carried on the ship." Nor is a shred of evidence produced anywhere to back up the German statement, or to show that it has any other character than that of a wanton invention.

There is another respect in which this fable of the "armed Lusitania" bears an almost startling resemblance to the fable of "unneutral Belgium." Just as Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg said nothing whatever about the unneutrality of invaded Belgium when he first declared Germany's purpose in the commission of that international crime, so it will be remembered that in the warning that immediately preceded the destruction of the Lusitania nothing whatever was said about the vessel being armed. The Lusitania was not expressly mentioned, to be sure; but the notice to Americans to keep off British ships was not in any way limited to ships that were armed, or even to ships that carried munitions of war, or even to ships that carried contraband. The Lusitania was blown up on general principles—Germany's general principle that whatever is needful for her military purposes she is justified in doing; the same principle upon which Belgium was violated and laid waste. But it appears that, in the one case as in the other, some faint recognition of the horror aroused by the act when it had actually been committed suggested the desirability of clothing its naked wickedness with a thin covering of exculpatory falsehood.

In the latest note of the State Department to the German Government, relating to the Frye case, it is possible that more is meant than meets the ear. The chief purport of it is to ask that the adjustment of damages, for which Germany has admitted her liability, be made directly by diplomatic means, without the delay of resort to a prize court. But it is noteworthy that our Government now accepts the view of Germany that she is liable for the sinking of the Frye, because of her treaty with the United States. In the first presentation of the claim, our State Department said nothing about this. It alleged no legal ground whatever. But now it almost goes out of its way to speak of "the obligations imposed upon the Imperial German Government under existing treaty stipulations between the United States and Prussia." May not this be a quiet laying of the groundwork of argument for a future demand upon Germany? It is certain that the torpedoing of the Gulflight, if it was actually done by a German submarine, was in clear violation of the Prussian treaty. One of its articles, covering the case of one of the countries being at war and the other neutral, provides that "when the vessels of the neutral party . . . shall be met by any vessel of war, public or private, of the other par-

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ty, such vessel of war shall not approach within cannon-shot of the said neutral vessel, nor send more than two or three men in their boat on board the same, to examine her sea-letters." Even more explicit and relevant is what follows: "And all persons belonging to any vessel of war who shall molest or injure in any manner whatever the people, vessels, or effects of the other party, shall be responsible in their persons and property for damages and interest." It is quite possible that our Government may soon ask Germany to apply this article to the case of the Gulflight.

The report of the official commission, under M. Dalimier, on the damage to Rheims Cathedral not only offers a summary of its condition, but contains certain views as to its future. The shell explosions—at least thirty in number—injured all the windows and demolished the upper rose window, split much of the masonry, carried away a large part of the northern tower, and marred certain arches, stairways, and balustrades. Fire did far more damage, destroying most of the roof, the belfry, and several galleries, and causing much of the outside statuary to fall; while in the interior, the woodwork of the doors and pillar-mouldings burned, and the statuary in the niches of the choir was destroyed. Both in its main lines and in the details of its decoration the Cathedral is almost irreparably disfigured. Its marvellous sculptures can never be replaced. The commission lends tacit support to the opinion of the French Academy that its future artistic value will lie largely in its glory as a ruin. It adds, however, that mechanical restoration is possible. What the commission doubtless means is that the roof, the buttresses, and other essential portions of the structure can be replaced.

The statement of the Commission for Relief in Belgium on the full extent of its operations offers an opportunity to correct false impressions of the amount of money and food given by Americans. The total in cash and cargoes drawn from all parts of the world is put at above $60,000,000. While it is frequently said that the United States has "contributed" nearly $50,000,000 to Belgium, it is a fairer estimate that only $40,000,000 worth of supplies have come from this country; and of this we have actually paid for a good deal less than $10,000,000 worth. The Commission itself points out that its working capital at the outset, to the extent of about $14,500,000, was supplied by Belgian banks and other institutions; while England and other nations which have appropriated specific sums for Belgian relief have had much food bought in this country through the Commission. Of the 7,000,000 people that are being fed in Belgium only about 1,500,000 are below the poverty line, some 5,500,000 paying for their food in whole or in large part. "The total benevolence in cash," reports the Commission, "has been $3,223,800, and other benevolences, $5,885,870." The tax upon our wealthy country has not been such that we cannot easily contribute far more.

The Federal Reserve Board at Washington has taken the action which the banking and business community had hoped from it, in correcting some patent mistakes of judgment made by the organizers of the twelve "reserve districts" tributary to the twelve Reserve Banks of the system. When this division was made last April, by a committee consisting of the Secretary of the Treasury, the Secretary of Agriculture, and the Controller of the Currency, it excited widespread criticism. Some of the adverse comments had to do with the cities selected as Reserve Bank centres. There was much complaint, for instance, that New Orleans and Galveston had both been passed over in the Eleventh District, and that Dallas, Texas, had been selected. Cincinnati disputed the propriety of its own exclusion and the selection of Cleveland, for the reserve centre of the Fourth District. Baltimore held that it had been entitled to the distinction in the Fifth District, instead of Richmond. Beyond these criticisms there was much protest regarding the boundaries fixed for the various districts. The banks of northern New Jersey, especially in such cities as Newark, Hoboken, and Jersey City, pointed out that their existing direct affiliations were with New York city banks, whereas the organization committee had placed the whole of New Jersey in the district served by the Philadelphia Reserve Bank. The Oklahoma banks, which had been placed in the Dallas district, objected that their business was habitually done through Kansas City.

These criticisms, and others like them, arose, no doubt, in some cases purely from injured local pride. Some of them doubtless failed to take account of insuperable difficulties, in the formation of districts in which banking facilities were relatively undeveloped, and which therefore had to cover large territory. But it was also perfectly obvious that some of the organization committee's arrangements were so extremely arbitrary as to suggest an attempt to reverse the natural tendencies of banking relations, and to cause actual inconvenience to business sections which the new system should have helped. This was notoriously true of the separation of northern New Jersey from the New York reserve district. The committee had itself set forth, as second in importance among its reasons for planning a given district boundary, "the mercantile, industrial, and financial connections existing in each district, and the relations between the various portions of the district and the city selected for the location of the Federal Reserve Bank." There is no reasonable doubt that this criterion pointed to the inclusion of this territory in the New York reserve district. The committee evidently ignored that aspect of the matter, because of a wish not to make the New York district stronger in actual capital and resources than the other districts. But if the new system was to serve its proper purpose, this argument was sentimental and fallacious. The Federal Reserve Board, to which appeal would lie, under the law, from the organization committee's decisions, has taken this view, and has placed the northern New Jersey banks in the New York reserve district.

Postmaster-General Burleson's announcement that rural mail facilities will be extended to a million additional persons before July 1, and to more afterwards, "without additional cost," will be taken with a grain of salt. For years the cost of the rural free delivery has shown a steady increase, rising from $37,000,000 in 1911 to nearly $42,000,000 in 1912, and nearly $46,000,000 in 1913. It is not probable that the scope of the service can be enlarged by more than one-tenth without new charges. No doubt, reorganization of routes, and the employment of motor vehicles, factors on which Mr. Burleson pins his faith, may accomplish much. In the Congressional debates last winter on the bill increasing the pay of rural-carriers, it was shown that in many sections of the country they carried but from 15 to 150 pounds of mail daily, while in others—including thinly settled sections of the Northwest—they carried from 2,000 even to 6,000 pounds. This disparity arose largely from differences in population, but in part from an imperfect mapping of the routes. In the South especially a much-needed extension of service can be inexpensively effected.

Not the least important aspect of the passage of Gov. Brumbaugh's child-labor bill

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is its bearing on the broad question of State vs. Federal regulation in all such questions. Lacking was the plea which, not many years ago, was the most effective of all in the opposition to such measures. The Pennsylvania manufacturers fought the proposal on the ground that it was impracticable, or unnecessary, or unduly burdensome; but we have heard little or nothing of protest against it on the ground that it was desirable in itself, but that Pennsylvania could not adopt it on account of the competition of other States that were without its restrictions. It is noteworthy, too, that the Philadelphia *Inquirer* not only makes no mention of anything of the kind, but goes on to say, in the most matter-of-course manner possible: "There remains now to be passed the Workmen's Compensation bill, which is also a party pledge. With this out of the way, serious thought can be given to the question of adjournment." Only a little while ago the country was full of reformers-in-a-hurry who were ready to throw away as useless lumber all the constitutional and traditional limitations on Federal power, on the plea that, with the States acting independently in these matters, the reforms could never be accomplished. Never is a long word; but we need not fall back upon that maxim, for the advance of our States in these matters has not only been accomplished without extraordinary delay, but has been so rapid, in the last few years, as to surpass the most sanguine expectations.

It was a humiliating position in which the son of Abraham Lincoln found himself when he admitted to the Industrial Commission that the great Pullman Company was the real recipient of the tips to its colored porters. This concern, whose stock is so closely held and so highly valued as to be almost never sold, has paid on an average 8 per cent. ever since its foundation. At the same time, it gives to its colored employees less than a living wage, and expects them to make up the difference between that and what they need to live on out of the gratuities of travellers. Mr. Lincoln thought that on the whole the company was entitled to great credit for keeping this field of employment open to negroes, who are so often discriminated against. But it may well be doubted whether the philanthropic motive would be noticed in the Pullman Company if it were compelled to pay the wages it should. The laborer is worthy of his hire; and when Mr. Lincoln so complacently patted himself on the back for employing colored labor at all, he ought to remember that failure to obtain sufficient tips by reason of interference with traffic, slackness of travel, or hard times has brought many a porter's family face to face with genuine suffering—even when he wore four and five service stripes on his coat-sleeve. That under these circumstances porters have yielded so little to temptation that their record for fidelity and honesty and for heroic service in accidents is admirable, is plainly no fault of Lincoln's son. The descendants of the men the father freed have long been exploited, overworked—often without sleep enough for long stretches to keep a man well—and underpaid besides by the company of which the Emancipator's son has been the head.

The extension by a recent Order in Council of certain new benefits of the British Copyright Act of 1911 to American authors has not attracted attention commensurate with its importance. It provides that henceforth the unpublished literary, dramatic, musical, or artistic work of an American author will receive British copyright in all respects as if such work were of British origin; and it will come as an especial relief to composers of music and to authors of plays and motion-picture scenarios. The vogue of American productions on the British stage has recently become considerable. Heretofore, if the American playwright or composer desired a British copyright, he was compelled to publish a few copies of his drama or musical score in England, displaying them for sale with some accommodating bookseller.

The terms of the Chino-Japanese agreement, as made public at both Peking and Tokio, show that only those of Japan's demands are to go into effect which enhance Japan's position, not so much against China as against the other Powers. The standpoint of Tokio has been frankly described by the men at the head of the Government. It amounts to this: that to the extent foreign influence is to play a share in the development of China, there shall be full opportunity for Japan to make use of the natural advantages which she enjoys by geographical situation, history, and racial affiliations. This was the burden of the fifth group of demands, now abandoned, which had to do with Chinese affairs throughout the Republic. If Peking in the future makes concessions to other Powers, Japan will want her share. Having thus served notice of her future policy, Japan has been content with a solution of those problems affecting her existing spheres of interest. These involve southern Manchuria, where Japan succeeded Russia by conquest; Shantung, where Japan has succeeded Germany by conquest; and the province of Fu-kien, which, because it faces the Japanese possessions in Formosa, Tokio has insisted shall remain a no-man's land so far as all foreign Powers are concerned, Japan herself asking for nothing, but stipulating that other Powers shall there receive nothing. After the war Japan promises the restoration of Kiao-chau. It is an open secret that after the war Great Britain will give back Wei-hai-wei. To speak of an aggression on China's independence or territorial integrity is thus beyond the facts.

Not only in the number of prisoners and guns taken, but in ground conquered, the battle of West Galicia, which began on May 1, has brought back the campaign in the east to the wide-sweeping operation which has distinguished it from the siege battles of the west. It would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the Teutonic victory, as it was in its initial stages exaggerated in Berlin, to such an extent that the well-known Major Moraht felt impelled to warn his countrymen not to look too confidently for results of a decisive character. That his warning was opportune we may gather from Monday's reports from Austrian headquarters, which speak of the first stage of the battle being "virtually concluded." Interpreting the phrase in the light of the Russian announcements, we may infer that the Teutonic advance has been arrested east of the Wisloka, and that the Russians hold a strong line of defence on the San River. The defeat is sufficiently serious. The Russian front, when the battle began on May 1, ran roughly along the Dunajec and the Biala, past Tarnow, Tuchow, Biecz, and Gorlice. On May 2 the Russian line was pierced at Tuchow; on May 5 Petrograd spoke of a retirement to the second line of defence, which would be the Wisloka River. The loss of Tarnow and Gorlice followed, and the Teutonic allies crossed the Wisloka on May 8. Monday's official statement from Vienna spoke of the attack being pressed in the region of Sanok and Lisko, on the San River. Plainly, then, the result of the operations represents a retreat of at least the thirty miles which the military attaché of the Russian Embassy in Washington admitted in a statement dated May 10, and we must probably accept also the Austrian assertion of a general Russian withdrawal from positions occupied in Hungary.

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THE OUTLAW GERMAN GOVERNMENT.

Germany ought not to be left in a moment's doubt how the civilized world regards her latest display of "frightfulness." It is a deed for which a Hun would blush, a Turk be ashamed, and a Barbary pirate apologize. To speak of technicalities and the rules of war, in the face of such wholesale murder on the high seas, is a waste of time. The law of nations and the law of God have been alike trampled upon. There is, indeed, puerile talk of "warning" having been given before the Lusitania sailed. But so does the Black Hand send its warnings. So does Jack the Ripper write his defiant letters to the police. Nothing of this prevents us from regarding such miscreants as wild beasts, against whom society has to defend itself at all hazards. And so must the German Government be given to understand that no plea of military necessity will now avail it before the tribunal on which sits as judge the humane conscience of the world. As was declared by Germany's own representative at the Hague Congress, the late Marschall von Bieberstein, there are some atrocities which international law does not need to legislate against, since they fall under the instant and universal condemnation of mankind.

In the face of the great crisis thrust upon us, it is necessary for Americans to remain calm. If the Germans have gone mad, all the more reason for us to keep our heads. The duty of our Government is clear; and it is for the people to let the President know that in the discharge of it he has behind him a nation that, without passion or clamor, is resolute and strong. As soon as the facts are officially ascertained, the President should make the clearest and firmest representations to Germany. He should demand full disavowal of the lawless and inhuman act of the commander of the German submarine, with a promise of complete reparation. If the German Government is not entirely given over to a strong delusion and a lie, it will not haughtily refuse what President Wilson will be right in insisting upon, not only in the name of the American people, but in that of humanity.

To see on what grounds our Government has already prepared itself to proceed, in the event of such a monstrous crime as has now been committed, we have merely to turn back to the first announcement of the German Admiralty, and the grave protest which it drew from our Government. On February 4 the "Notice" of the Chief of the Admiralty Staff, Von Pohl, was published. It proclaimed "the waters all around Great Britain and Ireland" as "a theatre of war"; declared that "every hostile merchantman met in this region" would be destroyed, and that "it will not always be possible to avert the danger, thereby threatening the crew and the passengers." It added that "neutral ships" also run a risk in that "theatre of war," since "it cannot always be avoided that attacks intended for hostile ships may also hit neutral ships." To this "Notice" our Government replied on February 10. It informed the German Government that it viewed the proposals of the German Admiralty with "grave concern." The course of action indicated was "unprecedented in naval warfare," and "an indefensible violation of neutral right"; and it added that, in the case of the destruction of an American vessel, or the loss of American lives, by the act of "commanders of German vessels of war," this Government could not fail to "hold the Imperial German Government to a strict accountability."

This issue between the two Governments, thus sharply marked out in advance, is the one now thrust to the front by the taking of the lives of Americans on the Lusitania. The obligation laid upon our Government is imperative. Such acts have been called "pure piracy." Strictly speaking, they are not that. Pirates do not act under orders, but the officers of German submarines do. This throws the responsibility back upon their Government which issued the order to sink without warning a merchant vessel with 2,000 non-combatants and neutrals aboard. In the act, that Government becomes piratical and an outlaw. It is this truth which the indignant voice of this mighty nation, joining in the chorus of reprobation rising from all parts of the earth, should now seek to bite into the consciousness of the German people.

No sober mind can fail to grasp the extreme gravity of the crisis forced upon the United States. It is no time for shouting or threatening. All the self-restraint of which we are capable should now be exercised. We ought to present to the world—and especially to Germany—the spectacle of a people too firmly planted on right to be hysterical, and too determined on obtaining justice to bluster. It is a dark and heavy day, but we need not doubt that the light will finally break through. If it is true that Germany has drunk too deep of the wine of military insolence to be turned from it just yet; if she is the modern example of what the Greeks called *hubris*—a mad defiance of God and man—then we may be sure that the true and righteous judgments of the Lord will be visited upon her. And a part of that divine judgment will certainly be such a world-sentiment, written into world-law, as will make the horrors and crimes of the past nine months impossible for evermore.

GERMANY'S BIGGEST BLUNDER.

While German newspapers are glorying in the infamy of murdering women and children at sea, an Italian newspaper speaks a true word. The *Messaggero* declares that the torpedoing of the Lusitania is a more heavy blow to the German cause than would have been the loss of a great battle. The German Government, in its official statement, has not a word of regret that so many lives of non-combatants and neutrals were lost. All is military mercilessness. It was a "brilliant success." But Germans in this country know better. One of them was quoted in Sunday's papers as saying—what, in fact, has been heard from other German-Americans, and must be deep in the hearts of all of them—that the sinking of the Lusitania was the biggest blunder that the German authorities had been guilty of since the beginning of the war.

It really seemed impossible that the German rulers had left for themselves a climax in deeds fitted to shock the civilized world, and to bring upon them the abhorrence of all humane people, but they had, and they have now attained it. Solemn treaties made scraps of paper; Belgium trampled into bloody mire; Louvain followed by Rheims; asphyxiating gases—it seemed hard to make that atrocious record blacker, but it has been done. As if the ruthless militarists now in control of the German Government were desirous of depriving their country, at one stroke, of every remaining shred of sympathy in neutral lands, they devised this crime of slaughtering the innocents so as to outstrip in hideousness all that had gone before, or that it entered into the imagination of man to conceive. The worst enemy of Germany could not have inflicted a blow upon her so destructive to her repute or to her hopes. The torpedo that sank the Lusitania also sank Germany in the opinion of mankind. Men will now be tempted to say of the Kaiser what Coleridge said of Napoleon, when he heard that Bonaparte had declared that the interests of small

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states must always succumb to great ones: "Thank God! he has sealed his fate: from this moment his fall is certain."

What we have to remember is that, from the outbreak of the war, there have been two different tendencies in German officialdom struggling for the mastery. There was one element, represented by the weak Chancellor, which desired to appear at least to be doing the lawful thing, and to be acting humanely; and there was another, of which Admiral von Tirpitz and the General Staff were exponents, which was for hacking through and burning and butchering in a way to terrify opponents—especially to terrify neutrals so that they would never dare to think of defying the German enginery of death. And the point is that it is this latter faction which has now gained complete control. At first, even in the operations of submarines against merchant vessels, there was the appearance of a decent regard for civilized opinion. Crew and passengers received time to escape. We had such testimony as that of the commander of one German submarine, who asked how he could possibly fire without warning upon a ship on board which were women and children. But all this has come to be thought too weak and flabby, too lacking in the necessary "frightfulness." And so we got the sinking of the Falaba; so we finally got the deep damnation of the destruction of the Lusitania. And Germany exults in it! This is what the doctrine of blood and iron comes to, when it has done its perfect work.

In the complex nature of the German Emperor himself, as he has been exhibiting it to the gaze of mankind for twenty-five years, we can see also the two elements of cultivation and barbarism side by side. William II is a man of versatile accomplishments; a lover of art and music and literature; capable of doing many graceful and considerate acts. But in him there has likewise been all along a *fonds* of military savagery. His famous address to the German soldiers setting out for China was, even in its softened official version, filled with a stark brutality worthy of Genghis Khan. And expression of these fierce physical passions has escaped him more than once even in questions of German internal policy. Some of his most vehement threats have been levelled at the members of the largest political party within the Empire—the Social-Democrats. His latent motto has been, whoever opposes me I will dash to pieces—in his own words, *den zerschmettere ich*. It is this smashing-to-pieces policy which has now reached its height—and, at the same moment, we firmly believe, the brink of its final collapse—in the awful work off the coast of Ireland.

It is at once a crime and a monumental folly. For a military advantage which is but trifling, and which cannot really affect the course of the war except adversely to Germany, she has affronted the moral sense of the world and sacrificed her standing among the nations.

THE WAR AND SPECIAL INDUSTRIES.

It is evidence of the growing importance of what the census classifies as "chemical industries," that the exigencies created by the war have directed more attention to them than to any other. In manufacture of paints and varnishes they involve a production of $125,000,000 yearly; of general chemicals, $116,000,000; of fertilizers, $104,000,000; of materials for explosives, $40,000,000; of dyes and extracts, $16,000,000, and of miscellaneous products, $25,000,000. But upon the single item of aniline dyes, of which Americans have been making less than $4,000,000 worth yearly, depends much of the prosperity of the whole textile industry; and six months ago we were warned that unless such dyes were somehow brought from Germany, or made here in unprecedented quantities, we should see hundreds of thousands of workers thrown out of employment. The cutting off of German potash, again, is a matter of direct importance to a large body of American farmers; while the great new demands upon our explosive factories have multiplied the uses of intermediate products like toluol. In most fields of manufacture we can supply ourselves and other nations as well; in certain branches of the chemical industry we have been showing what some have described as a pitiful dependence on Germany and other countries. This has seemed to cast a reflection upon our scientific experts.

In point of fact, this does not hold. Our industrial chemists have long taken an important place in a complex of activities—the brewing industry, the cellulose industry, the making of sugar, soda, cement, glass, paper, and a hundred other things. The chief reason why little has been done in dye-making is that economic conditions have not been favorable. As shown at the meeting of the National Association of Cotton Manufacturers in Boston, more attention has been paid to the threatened shortage of dyes than the importance of the matter justifies. We have been used to importing $25,000,000 worth of dyestuffs yearly from Germany, and customs figures show that until recently we have not fallen much below the normal rate. As for wresting the industry from Germany, it is to be remembered that the world's market in dyes comprises 900 distinct chemical substances, made by the use of 300 products of transformation of ten products obtainable from coal tar. In this manufacture Germany has taken out 9,000 patents in forty years. The difficulty is that an industry involving 1,200 different products and processes must comprise many independent yet interlaced units of manufacture; and this requires coöperation after a method known hitherto only in Germany. It is but reasonable that the dye-users themselves should have assumed the main burden of starting the industry. The contention of the chemists, moreover, is that provision for Government aid is necessary. Our new Federal Trade Commission may find a way. In any event, we can certainly make dyes if we are willing to pay the price.

The question must be worked out without undue reference to the abnormal conditions produced by the war. This is shown by the parallel problem in the field of fertilizers. The United States annually distributes 5,000,000 tons of "complete" fertilizer—that is, fertilizer containing the three essential elements of nitrogen, phosphorus, and potash. Of the first two elements we have enough in our own hemisphere, but of the potash it has been necessary for us to import 500,000 tons annually from Germany. This has been used largely in the East and South. With the potash cut off, we must do what we can with our slight reserves, with rotation of crops, and with "weathering" of the soil. It would be possible to establish plants to obtain potash from natural sources in California, Utah, and Colorado, but the deposits are either poor or difficult of access, and post-bellum competition would rapidly ruin such enterprises. In so far as the development of our resources of potash promises to be permanently profitable, there are signs that the war will give it a new impulse. It has already stimulated the making of dyes, particularly since the Interior Department's announcement of a more direct process for the synthesis of dyeing ingredients from pe- the new Rottman process for synthetizing the Ætna Explosives Company has just begun a new $2,000,000 plant which will use the new Rottman process for synthetizing toluol. All told, the war will give us a new footing in many branches of chemical industry, against German competition. But the forces which have controlled the situation

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have been economic. It is not so much through greater scientific proficiency, as through state assistance, great natural advantages, and the interrelation of innumerable industries that Germany has beaten us—and beaten every other nation.

The great lesson to be learned from the panic over the possible want of dyes and other products necessary to our full industrial life is the lesson of organization. If we expect to build up a great American manufacture of dyes, we must coördinate hundreds of branches of activity in such a manner as to make the fullest use of hundreds of by-products, as well as direct products. This will naturally be followed by the employment of large bodies of scientifically trained men. A highly organized structure of industries demands such a corps, and it will be forthcoming. The alarm over the undeveloped state of several chemical fields should remind other industries of the closeness of their relation to such fields, and of their consequent duty in assisting to open them—if they want them opened. The Government has shown itself ready to help. Scientific knowledge and energy in America have always flowed into channels where returns were surest, and it is for business to make them sure here.

GENIUS AND PERSPIRATION.

Genius was long ago described as "an infinite capacity for taking pains." We all feel this to be inadequate, and Edison has put the underlying thought more accurately and more forcibly by his aphorism that "genius is 1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration."

Whether put in the one form or in the other, a meeting to do honor to Edison was a peculiarly fitting occasion for citing a maxim that ranks hard work and persistence as the essential element of genius. In the case of no other great inventor has the incessant piling up of experiment on experiment, the endless search for all possible varieties of material, the determined hunting down of the object of pursuit by organized labor on his own part and that of others, played so dominant a part in the achievement of success.

But, after all, what does one mean when one says that "genius is 1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration"? We would not be pedantic; but if one intends more than a mere flash of wit by the saying, it has to be objected, first of all, that inspiration and perspiration have no common measure. If both of them are indispensable—if industry without inspiration, and inspiration without industry, are equally impotent to compass the achievements of genius—then it is open to any one to impute to either 99 times the importance of the other if his fancy so inclines. To attempt to settle the question—not in any numerical sense, of course, but the bare question of precedence—would be as idle as to try to decide whether the heart or the lungs should be regarded as the most necessary organ of the human body. The real thing that is in the mind of those who define genius as an infinite capacity for taking pains, or as being 1 per cent. inspiration and 99 per cent. perspiration, is, however, doubtless something different from this. The idea is that what distinguishes the genius from ordinary persons is not so much a native faculty of insight or originality or imagination as it is the determination and persistence with which the object in view is pursued. And this is an intelligible proposition which, though not admitting of demonstrative proof or disproof, affords room for interesting discussion.

If, however, we were compelled to stand and deliver an answer to the question whether the proposition is true, we should feel compelled to answer in the negative. In point of industry and determination—in point of "perspiration," both physical and mental—there are thousands of men quite comparable to Edison, and working in the same fields, who have not scored a single success even remotely paralleling those that he has achieved. Moreover, invention is not the only, or the chief, domain in which genius manifests itself; and in other domains the case is certainly far worse for perspiration.

No amount of taking pains would make a Burns, or a Byron, or a Heine, of a man who was born a minor poet. Pascal was industrious, no doubt; but there is no schedule of hours and no prescription of method that will enable more than one man in a millennium or so to match his achievement in producing a work of the highest originality upon conic sections at the age of fifteen. To be killed in a duel at the age of twenty, as was Galois, and leave behind a piece of work which is one of the landmarks in the history of mathematics argues the possession of a kind of genius with which the Carlylean or the Edisonian definition has evidently little to do. If we take a simpler and more concrete matter, it is not diligence—though he had a fair share of it—but originality that accounts for Franklin's discovery of the nature of lightning; nor, to pass to an incomparably greater achievement, was it the industry, but the intellectual penetration, of Galileo that gave him his unique place among his contemporaries, and made him the founder of modern physical science. There have been hundreds of philosophers—men of great talent, too—far more pertinacious in their studies than Hume, but their very names are forgotten, while he has profoundly influenced the whole course of thought since his time. But why go on? We all know in our hearts that nothing can make us a Faraday or a Newton, any more than anything can make us a Mozart or a Napoleon, if we haven't the—why mince matters?—if we haven't the genius.

For while an infinite capacity for taking pains may in some cases—possibly in most cases—be a mark of genius; while it may sometimes even be the chief element in the make-up of a genius; yet to say that it *is* genius—still more to say that all genius is this—is to fly in the face of common knowledge. Amazingly large results can, indeed, be attained by an extraordinary capacity for work, combined with love of it and ardent desire for achievement; but unless there is something else in the case, we had better use some other word than genius to apply to it. Mr. Roosevelt—in all sincerity, we believe—has made the distinction in regard to himself. He is a man of undeniable talent, but he is not a genius; and he has insisted that whatever he has achieved he has achieved by hard work and determination. Such a phenomenon as his all-round knowledge, his inexhaustible activity, and his tremendous energy, is as rare as genius, perhaps as rare as the highest genius; but it is not genius. The ordinary man, even the man of equal talent and equal physical vigor, would doubtless find it as impossible to match the tremendous daily output of human effort and influence which Mr. Roosevelt kept up for years as he would to write a great poem or to make a great scientific discovery; for this capacity, too, is a matter of personal endowment. But the impossibility, one feels instinctively and yet clearly, is of a different nature; it is a difference of degree rather than of kind. To define genius may be quite impossible; but nothing is easier than to leave it undefined. And least of all is it desirable to pretend to adopt a definition which breaks down in precisely those cases in which, by the common consent of mankind, the term is most indisputably applicable.

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THE GREEK PLAY IN AMERICA.

The Greek plays which Granville Barker's company is to give on an unparalleled scale this spring in the East, and Margaret Anglin, assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra, in California, constitute but another evidence of an interest which has been growing slowly for fifteen years. There is a certain novelty in the degree of popular attention that will be aroused. The performances of "Iphigenia in Tauris" and "The Trojan Women" here in New York should attract 30,000 spectators, and at the University of Pennsylvania 20,000; while the huge new stadiums at Princeton and Yale will seat great crowds. At the University of California audiences of 10,000 will hear "Electra," "Medea," and "Iphigenia in Aulis." Extensive preparations have been made to bring visitors from a wide range of secondary schools. But such performances have become familiar in many sections. The forerunner of the Greek play in America was the Harvard presentation of "Œdipus Rex" in 1881, later staged by Daniel Frohman in New York and Boston. Between 1890 and 1910 some fifty educational institutions were reported to have given over one hundred performances of Greek plays. Nor have these failed to draw large extra-academic audiences. The plays given at Berkeley, for example, have regularly filled the amphitheatre.

The chief objects of the academic presentation of Greek drama, whether with or without professional stage help, are, of course, two. One arises from the desire to stimulate interest in Greek and Greek literature, calling attention to the intrinsic value of their study. The other has its origin in a belief in the dramatic power of Greek plays, and in a wish to show modern audiences that they have a place on the stage, not as curious spectacles, but as vital tragedies and amusing comedies. Their sponsors believe that they have the breath of universal genius, and that—the accidental features of their time falling naturally into the background—the images presented will be the embodiment of some permanent fact of human life. Only in limited degree has the purely pedagogical aim been realized. Professor Rolfe wrote of the early performances at the University of California that "the final outcome of the plays has been a remarkable intensification, throughout the university and in many preparatory and high schools, of respect for Greek studies and interest in them." Yet it was in California that a recent educational survey showed that, while more students elected Latin than any other study, the merest handful—some two-tenths of one per cent.—ever had had a course in Greek.

More success has come in other ways. Testimony to a genuine popular interest in various performances has been repeated and sincere. Can a Greek drama really engage the public? asks Miss Anglin's stage manager. "My best answer to that is to mention the reception given Miss Anglin's last appearance in the Greek theatre at Berkeley. There was an audience of 10,000 people, yet you could have heard a whisper any time during the performance. At its conclusion they stayed for an hour applauding." There is no logical reason why plays like "Alcestis," "Antigone," "Agamemnon," and "The Birds," if given with spirit and vigor, should not interest even matter-of-fact American audiences.

Undoubtedly the players have too often accepted a false conception of their limitations, and have brought forth their Attic drama as a tableau rather than as a dynamic piece of action, as poetry rather than as living speech, and as something of antiquarian and "cultural" interest rather than as a reflection of life. Its high dignity must necessarily be looked to. To the Greeks a play was not a mere entertainment, but—as Gaston Paris puts it—a shadowing-forth of the universe itself as "a vast stage, on which was played an eternal drama, full of tears and joy, its actors divided between heaven, earth, and hell." But it is possible to retain this semi-religious atmosphere, and still to give the drama something of the life it once had. One false tendency is shown in the fact that until very recently the majority of Greek plays were given only in the original tongue, as in France and England. The West has done a service in developing the Greek play in English, with little colleges like Beloit and Ripon in Wisconsin and Grinnell in Iowa in the van. "Our little town," said a teacher at the first-named institution recently, "has seen more Greek plays than any other city in America." Since 1885 it has had virtually one performance yearly, in translations freshly made by the drama classes and published in creditable form. In Aristophanes's plays, too, it has been demonstrated in various places that modern slang can be applied successfully to the Greek action—to the depiction of Socrates, for example, in "The Clouds."

Foreign Correspondence

THE LITANY FOR WAR—SURVIVALS OF OLD PARIS—"LA VILLE-LUMIERE."

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, April 24.

An archæological tenderness breathes through the litany which is recited in Paris churches nowadays after vespers. One of the good fruits of this evil war has been the "Sacred Union" of Frenchmen of every color and party in the common cause. This litany is also the cry for union—France in her need of to-day appealing to spiritual forces of the past of France, in the period of her making.

St. Michael, prince of the heavenly host, pray for us, save us!
Notre Dame de Paris, protectress of the City, pray for us, save us!
St. Germain, St. Lupus, holy Bishops, pray for us, save us!
St. Geneviève, guardian of our city, pray for us, save us!
St. Clothilde, who did'st convert France, pray for us, save us!
St. Remi, who did'st baptize France, pray for us, save us!
St. Louis, full of valor in combat and meekness in peace, pray for us, save us!
St. Vincent de Paul, pray for us, save us!
Blessed Joan of Arc, who did'st deliver France, pray for us, save us!

This "mobilization" of heaven is worth a few historical notes.

The Archangel Michael is the traditional patron of France. The "marvel" of Mont Saint Michel, which now astonishes tourists, was a work of love of the Kings St. Louis and Philip Augustus; and in it King Louis the Eleventh founded the close circle of the Order of St. Michael, answering to the Knights of the Garter in England, but this perished with the Old Régime. Lovers of mediæval art will remember the pathetic statue of Our Lady of France which holds a place of honor in Notre Dame, the cathedral church of Paris.

St. Germain is Germanus Bishop of Auxerre, who lived a century earlier than the other Germanus Bishop of Paris, who founded the great Abbey of St. Germain des Prés, from which in turn the celebrated forest with the royal city and château has its name. Lupus (Saint Loup) was Bishop of Troyes, and, with Germanus of Auxerre, went to England to preserve that island from the Pelagian heresy—an early instance of the Entente. Both were associated with St. Geneviève and her protection of Paris against Attila and his Huns. In the Church of St. Etienne du Mont, a wonderful monument whose art exhibits records of every age of France, what is left of the relics of St. Geneviève lie in a stone sarcophagus, which is said to be Merovingian of the sixth century; and around it the faithful—and Americans doing Paris—light candles. Popular devotions went on here with vigor last September during the battle of the Marne, which lasted longer than the one day's fight of Attila, at Châlons on the Marne, against the Allies of his time (A. D. 451). St. Geneviève is associated with the conversion of Clothilde, who converted her husband, Clovis, King of the Franks, and so "converted France." St. Remi is Remigius Bishop of Rheims, who baptized Clovis and whose cathedral church is also an *actualité* of this year's reversion to the warfare of Barbarians in Gaul, which is France.

St. Louis the King is well enough known outside France; but it may be useful to recall that St. Vincent de Paul—a modern of

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the seventeenth century—founded, among other things, the Sisters of Charity. Joan of Arc needs no speech. And all of these "Heavenly Powers," which surely are not those known and named by Goethe, form the subjects of brilliant mural painting by recent French masters, from Hippolyte Flandrin to Puvis de Chavannes. They had already a multitudinous entry into the Humanities, whose cause they are now asked to protect and save with the Divinity.

The street names of Paris remain, in many cases, precious links with the past; but a de-Germanizing movement threatens to blot out one of them unduly. It is the Rue de Furstenberg, a short street opening in front of what was once the Abbot's palace behind the old abbey church of St. Germain des Prés. This building is seldom found by tourists, though it is a fine example of the short-lived French brick architecture of the Renaissance. It was built by Cardinal Charles de Bourbon in 1586; but it was left in its present form by Cardinal Furstenberg, who was German indeed, but not Prussian, and deserved too well of France then to have his name expunged from Paris now.

He was of the great princely family whose living members still get themselves spoken of in Germany. He succeeded his elder brother, first as Bishop of Metz and then of Strasburg. Together they started a Rhine League against the Empire of the day and helped to obtain the union of Strasburg with France. To carry on the work of guarding the left bank of the Rhine from Prussia, an effort was made to have Bishop Furstenberg named Elector of Cologne; but the Diet of Ratisbon declared him an enemy of the Empire and he narrowly escaped with his head. In France, where he took refuge, the Pope made him a cardinal and King Louis XIV gave him the abbey which was the richest of the land. It would scarcely be poetic justice for the present Municipal Council of Paris to banish his name now that Strasburg is returning to France and the withdrawal of the whole left bank of the Rhine from Prussia, as a protection to the peace of France, is in the line of history-making.

Coming back to Sisters of Charity, one of them, of the kindly constabulary kind who minister in the most unexpected quarters of Paris, appeared the other day in the big shop front of the Galeries Lafayette. With age her face had taken a weather-beaten look and she lingered over the great variety of goods sold to be sent to soldiers by their friends. Her air was so military that some of the women buyers, their own minds filled with phantoms of war, followed her with painful curiosity. At last she stopped and fixed her choice—on a pipe. One of the observing women at once went to summon a policeman, pointing breathlessly: "She must be a German spy!" The policeman, who was accustomed to seeing her in other haunts, scandalized the suspicious patriots by his laughter.

So simple an incident as the death of Paul Pons by drowning while he was casting his net in the Garonne brings to mind other present-day associations with the venerable past of Paris. It may be doubted whether, in genuine archæology, his style of wrestling merited its name "Græco-Roman"; but he wore proudly its Golden Belt as champion of the world. That which is really an antique survival is the Fair of Neuilly, where Pons showed his ability to Parisians for so many years, and incidentally proved to foreigners that not all Frenchmen are small men or short-legged. The fair, greatly transmogrified no doubt, is an inheritance from the village which grew up around the monks' ferry across the Seine before the year 1000. It has had its periods of greater or less splendor, but for years back it stretches nearly two miles from the gate of Paris all through the last weeks of June.

In my own time, there was still given an ancient Punch and Judy show of souls pitched by devils into Hell's cauldron. In the accompanying dialogue, notably in the case of a filching cook, there were reproaches that could not have been made much later than the seventeenth century. Jules Lemaître wrote one of his early sparkling chronicles about it. Thus, with all the ruthless demolition due to modern invention and change, Parisians have always much to keep them in mind that they belong to no mean city of ages past.

It is little known that their fondest appellation of Paris—"Ville-Lumière"—was bestowed by Germans four hundred years ago. Printers of Gutenberg fled before invaders of Mayence quite like Belgians to-day; and the learned Sorbonne welcomed them and they set up their presses. To show their gratitude, they gave for a frontispiece of their volume Paris like a rising sun, with their dedication in the sky above—"To the City of Light." It has been often enough called Babylon to have the fact remembered.

ITALY'S TERRITORIAL APPETITE—THE NEGOTIATIONS WITH AUSTRIA—TEUTONIC DIPLOMACY.

ROME, April 9.

The effects of Italy's clever negotiations with Austria through the German Embassy in Rome, for the cession of the Trentino in compensation for permanent neutrality, are already beginning to be felt. One of the several objects of these negotiations is to persuade the Italian party hostile to intervention that permanent neutrality on the part of Italy is impossible. Nearly all Italians are agreed that Italy must obtain some territorial aggrandizement to offset that which will accrue to other nations with the ultimate European victory. What extent of territory will content her? The neutralists place her demands from Austria at the minimum, namely, a rectification of the frontier in the Trentino and the Tyrol, such as would give her a few hundred thousand additional inhabitants and a frontier to the northeast that would be militarily defensible. The basis on which the Italian Government has entered upon the negotiations has not been made generally known; but one may be certain that it has not committed itself to any fixed demands, but has expressed itself as ready to hear what Austria cares to offer. In 1859 Cavour, while eagerly desiring war against Austria for the acquisition of the Lombardo-Veneto, was forced by the governments of Europe to agree to a general disarmament. The blindness and obstinacy of Austria in refusing to accept the agreement saved the situation for Cavour and brought on the war. To-day Italian statesmen expect a similar exhibition of blindness and obstinacy on Austria's part, but their position is infinitely stronger than was that of the prince of Italian diplomats in 1859. Should Austria show symptoms of commonsense, the Italian Government has only to make large demands, including Triest, to the cession of which she knows that Germany will never consent. And war will be declared. Already the territorial appetite of the Italian people shows signs of increase. Many writers now insist that Fiume as well as Triest must be annexed. Furthermore, immediate delivery of the goods is another condition in the transaction to which Austria could with difficulty agree; on the other hand, future delivery, guaranteed by a mere scrap of paper, would by no means satisfy the Italian Government or people.

As has been said, the effect of these negotiations is already being felt in Italy. Great discouragement manifests itself among those Italians who are committed to neutrality and have based their hope of it upon a territorial gift from Austria. The latter's obduracy, which defies even German efforts at persuasion, swells daily the ranks of Italian interventionists. "We have honestly striven to maintain neutrality," they say, "but Austria is the same old pig-headed Austria, oppressor of the Italians. She will not give us what is, by right of nationality and geography, ours. She is forcing us into war against our will." The argument is as good as most international arguments current in Europe to-day.

As to the conduct of Ambassador von Bülow in the execution of his mission, it is generally admitted that personally he has acted with much dignity and tact, and has done all that was humanly possible in an impossible situation. Had a man of his calibre been accredited to Rome by either Germany or Austria during the past five years, the European war would most probably have been averted. The declaration of war by Germany and Austria was based upon miscalculations in part due to ignorance of the exact state of public opinion in Italy. But for this ignorance there was no excuse. It was possible for only such third-rate men as von Jagow and von Mérey, now ex-Ambassadors, to believe that under the conditions which prevailed in July, 1914, Italy would allow herself to be forced into a war as Austria's ally.

Von Jagow, when Ambassador to Rome, was freely criticised by his German colleagues in the diplomatic service as being too little acquainted with the men who actually governed Italy. Von Jagow was not an aristocrat, but he enjoyed moving in Roman aristocratic circles, and he seemed to think that officially it sufficed for him to know the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs. Yet it is well known that neither Salandra nor his predecessor Giolitti nor four-fifths of their associates in the Cabinet are ever to be seen in the drawing-rooms of the Italian aristocracy. In striking contrast with the inefficiency of von Jagow has been the success of the French Ambassador, Barrère, who has managed to become well acquainted with many of Italy's party leaders.

The Austrian von Mérey followed von Jagow's example. He was ignorant of the Italian language, but thought that he had an efficient spy service, and in July, 1914, assured his Government that in case of a European war Italy would march as one man by the side of Austria. When the war broke out, he rushed to the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, San Giuliano, and demanded Italy's immediate entry into the conflict as Austria's ally. San Giuliano explained that such action was not required by treaty obligations, and was impossible. Von Mérey insisted that he must obtain assurances of Italy's early assistance, and threatened suicide as his only alternative. The Italian Minister remained immovable. Then von Mérey proceeded to argue and to abuse Italy, and

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finally, as a second alternative, declared that there would be nothing left for him but to secure a doctor's certificate of ill-health and leave Rome. San Giuliano, with characteristic cynicism, replied that in his opinion the first alternative for von Mérey seemed preferable. X.

THE CONVERSION OF THE DUTCH SOCIALISTS — NEUTRALITY THROUGH MILITARY PREPAREDNESS.

THE HAGUE, April 30.

The war is an inexorable teacher. It forces even the most refractory of idealists to think and talk common-sense. Such a convert by the war is the Dutch Socialist party. When in August the Government came before the country with a demand for a special grant for the expenses of the mobilization, the Socialist members did not withhold their vote, but supported the Government to a man. The reality of the Belgian invasion and the horrors that accompanied it had suddenly convinced them of the usefulness of a ready and well-trained army. But when the international constellation seemed to promise that Holland would be spared the miseries that Belgium suffered, a strong opposition within the party began to raise its voice against the leadership. The representatives of the party in Parliament were accused of having become supporters of militarism and of bringing grist to the mill of the capitalistic classes. The leader of this opposition group gave out the cry, "Not a single penny for a single soldier," and declared the talk of "the fatherland" and "the nation's duty to defend it" to be downright humbug.

But the party has an eminent leader in Mr. P. J. Troelstra, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Dutch politicians, a man who is a master both of tactics and of words. In a well-written pamphlet he gave a lucid exposé of the international and political situation in this time of war and explained why the party's policy, under these altered circumstances, was forced to follow a new course. Socialist doctrines had to yield to the teaching of hard, undeniable facts. In the German, the French, the Belgian, the English Socialists the love of their country had proved stronger than their devotion to the International. Would the Dutch workmen believe themselves to be wiser than their fellows abroad and still cling to the self-deception that patriotic sentiment is nothing but a word?

At the annual Easter Congress, held this year at Arnhem, it had to be decided whether the party as a whole would follow Mr. Troelstra or side with the Opposition. The result of the discussions, which lasted two long days, proved a victory for Mr. Troelstra. The congress found, with a large majority, that the leaders, in supporting the Government by voting for the mobilization grant, had taken the only possible course under the present circumstances.

Not until after the war will the question be settled whether the party is to give its support henceforth to the yearly grants for military expenses, or whether the old opposition against the war budget is to be resumed. Mr. Troelstra is too good a tactician to demand from his followers a sudden volte-face. The big mass must slowly be brought to the recognition of a change of ideas which the change of circumstances forces upon us. But once having accepted the necessity of maintaining the country's neutrality, the party is not likely to shirk the natural consequence: the acceptance of the necessity of a ready army. The party, by thus wisely adapting its policy to the new political aspect, may lose some of its stubborn doctrinaires, but its national prestige is sure to gain by this willingness to share with the "bourgeois" parties the responsibility of the country's defence.

A. J. BARNOUW.

Democracy and Pacifism

AN EXAMINATION OF PACIFIST OPINION IN ENGLAND.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

[The following article represents the result of a careful study by the *Nation's* correspondent in London of various shades of opinion held by professed Pacifists in England with regard to the future reconstruction of Europe.]

Whatever opinion one may hold as to the essential connection between Democracy and Pacifism, there is no doubt that democrats consider themselves the chartered agents of Peace (in spite of American civil wars and the present Armageddon), and it is inevitable that there should be much talk of peace and reconstruction in a democratic country, even in the midst of war. *Inter arma silent leges*, but not the voices of the Pacifists or of the ingenious framers of post-bellum world leagues and international insurance societies against war. Thus, besides the older peace societies (functioning with increased activity), we have at present in England all sorts of new groups formed to deliberate, discuss, or formulate future policies and combinations that may make war impossible, or at least unlikely.

All such groups have this in their favor—that their intentions are obviously good, and their aims, if practicable, highly desirable—for I think, as democrats, we may dismiss the theory that war is good in itself and the only way to avoid universal flabbiness. Against them, on the other hand, they have the very natural prejudice that, at this moment, every one should be spending his whole time and energy in some form of direct furtherance of the victory of the Allies, and the feeling that those who are looking over the heads of the soldiers in the trenches to the visionary claims of future generations are really neglecting the means while willing the end. The ultra-pacifists seem trying to enter the fields of Utopia at a time when it is all we can do to avoid the gates of Hell. Moreover, many people feel that, even if victory be not thereby imperilled, the cause of peace may be hindered rather than helped by discussion of future possibilities, and that by wedding themselves, consciously or unconsciously, to some formula of present plausibility, the peace reconstructionists may actually find themselves athwart the line of hopeful progress at the end of the war. For to many it seems as if a warless world could be the result only of a universal, spontaneous, semi-subconscious upheaval against the idea of settling disagreements by the slaughter of men, and that no one can foresee on just what line this is going to act. The hope of this upheaval is buttressed by the fact that this is a *people's* war, in a sense new to history—a war in which every household is engaged. Yet another consideration is this: even if the futurists are right in their contention that foresight and preparation are always prudent, the question of expediency arises from the fact that, at present, their (problematical) good is very apt to be evil-spoken of, and so seems to contain a germ of danger to national unity. Those who raise such objections as these agree, at any rate, that the new groups that are interesting themselves in peace and reconstruction are at the best excusable in the direct ratio of the privacy and vagueness of their action, and that there is most reason to condemn those that hold public meetings and draw up definite programmes. When, however, all is said and done, there is much plausibility in the argument that the Pacifists of all countries should unite in providing machinery for the adequate expression of their opinions and for bringing pressure to bear on the various Governments at the close of the war.

One feature that is, perhaps, common to all these societies is a distrust of "secret diplomacy"—amounting, in some cases, to an obsession. Undoubtedly there is much that is antiquated, and even ridiculous, in the old Metternich ideas of diplomacy still prevalent to a large extent in Continental Europe, but unless we are to accept the apparent German belief that King Edward and Sir Edward Grey were able to sway the destinies of Great Britain in the same sense that the Kaiser and his Chancellor can direct the policy of Germany, we should be careful not to exaggerate this grievance in the case of England. Some measure of secrecy there must be in diplomacy as in all other business of importance. No commercial company could thrive if it had to submit every contract to a plébiscite of its shareholders; not even a corner grocery could flourish if the consent of the errand-boy had to be obtained for its negotiations with the wholesale dealer. We must allow our chosen Ministers some discretion in what must obviously be often a very ticklish business; and when we cease to trust them, we must dismiss them. This principle has been followed even in the United States. Mr. Bryan, for instance, did not take the electorate into his confidence before issuing his admirable Letter on Neutrality. Lord Bryce has explained (in a White Paper of 1912) that the reason the people of the United States did not leave the treaty-making power solely in the hands of the Executive was because of the relative autocracy of the President (for his term of office) as compared with our British Cabinet. We still have a long way to go, no doubt, in opening the career of diplomacy to the talents, and in making it cease to be a preserve of the high-born and the well-to-do; but otherwise comparatively little modification is neces-

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sary to make it quite as frank and democratic as it is in America itself.

The recent manifesto of the National Peace Council may, perhaps, be taken as an epitome of the general desires of the more rigidly pacifist reconstructionists. This aims at a permanent Congress of Nations, organized on a popular basis, and lays great stress on open diplomacy and the democratic control of foreign relations. It is, apparently, silent as to sanction and as to the handling of recalcitrants. As it does not seem to envisage the use of force in any emergency, it would generally be considered as rather Utopian. I understand, however, that this omission in its programme is due to a small minority of peace-at-any-price members.

The four "cardinal points" of the Union of Democratic Control are (1) popular consent, by plébiscite, to any transference of territory from one Government to another; (2) democratic control of foreign relations; (3) the establishment of a Concert of the Powers in place of a Balance of Power, and (4) drastic reduction of armaments. No provision, however, seems made for the reduction (drastic or otherwise) of recalcitrants. Somehow or other, this Society appears to have earned a greater degree of popular disfavor than any other. I mention various reasons alleged for this, without expressing any opinion of my own. Thus it is said that, though many names on its Council inspire respect (such as those of Mr. E. D. Morel, Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and Mr. Bertrand Russell), the action of some other members of its Council, since the war broke out, has often been, from the popular point of view, dubious or indiscreet, to say the least. Other critics allege that its bond of union is to a large extent negative, and that it may, in part at least, be described as a society of men who hate Asquith, or Grey, or Russia, or some other *bête noire*. The outside friends of some of the prominent members of the Society go so far as to fear that their connection with this body will prove a sad hindrance to services that they might otherwise have been among the most fit to render at the expiration of the war. It is a fact that some of those who are members of Parliament or Parliamentary candidates have already got into hot water with their present or prospective constituents. Possibly, the active and aggressive nature of its propaganda is a sufficient explanation of the Society's unpopularity with those who feel that the one question of the moment is to win the war.

The Council for the Study of International Relations has for its aim the study of foreign policy, especially of problems raised by the war. It starts without preconceptions, and is no way partisan. Specimen questions suggested for its "study groups" are the necessary conditions of permanent peace, and the limits of democratic control of foreign policy. Among its members are such men as Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, the Bishops of Hereford and Oxford, Dr. Clifford, Mr. Arthur Henderson, and many professors and schoolmasters. In due harmony with its educational nature, the Council maintains relations with the Workers' Educational Association, the National Home Reading Union, and the National Adult School Union.

The moving spirit of the League of International Understanding and Good Will is Mrs. Henryson-Caird (Mona Caird), who sprang into prominence, twenty years ago, through a famous article in a review, entitled "Is Marriage a Failure?" and who has since, in a less conspicuous way, been a centre of good works in letters and morals, in reform and philanthropy. The aims of the League are to promote the substitution of law for anarchy in international relations, and to create public opinion in favor of a federation of nations for mutual defence. It does not preach an immoderate reduction of armaments, or take the extreme pacifist view that physical force should never be used. It deprecates any stop-the-war propaganda or any criticism of Ministers. It carefully avoids any action likely to have an adverse influence on the conduct of the war, but it objects to a gag being put on internationalist efforts. It holds that, so far from this moment being too early to take action, there is reason to fear that it is almost too late to awaken the public to the almost unimaginable danger confronting us, which nothing but determined internationalist action can avert.

The Society for International Right consists mainly of those members of the Civil Union (founded in 1912) who objected to incorporation with the Union of Democratic Control "on account of its party character and its belief that England should pursue a neutral policy." The Society does not wish to attack the Cabinet for a policy left to them as a legacy of generations, and exists mainly to stimulate study and discussion of a sane Pacifism. It abstains, however, from the use of this word on account of its association with a purely negative, emotional policy, and takes its stand on Mr. Asquith's Dublin speech of September 25. The Society had appointed a delegate to the Hague Conference of Women, but did so under a misapprehension of its aims and procedure, and will, I understand, withdraw. Senator La Fontaine, of Belgium, president of the International Peace Bureau, is a vice-president of this Society. His special aim is a Congress or Federation of the World, not of Europe only, and he evidently lays great weight on the coöperation of Japan and the states of South America. He is particularly pleased with the open diplomatic methods which have characterized the practice of that Continent.

The Garton Foundation (Secretary, Captain, the Hon. Maurice V. Brett) collects data about the reactions of war, which, it is hoped, will form an invaluable reference library on such points as war indemnities, terms of peace, and unemployment after the war.

Many other similar groups and societies might be mentioned, but those named above are typical of the class.

Perhaps the most interesting of the little books and pamphlets cast up by the movement is Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson's "After the War," written with all his usual charm of expression. Mr. Dickinson shows his desire to avoid intransigentism by using as his text Mr. Asquith's speech at Dublin (already referred to), in which that statesman quoted and supported Gladstone's aspiration as to the "enthronement of the idea of public right as the governing idea of European politics." His scheme of a Court of Arbitration for "justiciable" disputes, and of a Conciliation Council for questions of "vital interest," is ingeniously worked out and is in harmony with a prevailing trend of opinion. But he gets out of touch with popular feeling when he seems to regard this war as inevitable, apart from Germany's action ("if it had not been Germany this year, it might have been Russia next"), and when he suggests that Germany must have her share in a possible partition of Asiatic Turkey, without any caveat that it must be a repentant, a regenerate, and a de-Hohenzollernized Germany.

Another little book of some value is Mr. F. N. Keen's "World in Alliance," which, with great clarity and legal acumen, advocates a permanent international council, representing all or most of the civilized nations, and having power to make international laws, alter territorial boundaries, and settle disputes between nations. He suggests monetary compensation as the ordinary remedy for breaches of international obligation, but, in case of need, his international council may summon military and naval forces from the component states.

Perhaps the best comment on the more or less academic speculations of all these groups is afforded by the following extracts from a letter written by a young Englishman in France, who is giving his services to the "Famille du Soldat"* (Rue Michelet 57, Angers).

"One impression I do get very strongly—the solidarity of the French nation to win the war. Quite naturally they all seem actuated by one desire—to do their bit. And yet, whatever they have been in the past, I cannot believe the modern French nation to be a fighting one. It is not that they appear as if they can't fight; it is that they do not look as if they wanted to. Last night I saw a lot of young soldiers walking by themselves down the boulevard; big, strong fellows, but all infinitely sad. . . . I suppose it would be possible to regard the French as phlegmatic about the war, victory or defeat. To me they strike a far deeper note. If sadness teaches, the French should be very wise after the war." It is in this "sadness" that the real ground of hope lies of this struggle being, indeed, the war to end war.

*The object of this most admirable society is to provide "parents" or "friends" as correspondents for Belgian or French soldiers who have wholly lost touch with their real relatives through the hostile occupation of their countries. The "Famille" has now over 6,000 "children," and is daily increasing.

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Notes from Two Capitals

THE LAST OF THE O'MOHICANS.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, April 24.

Mr. Laurence Ginnell, for these nine years representative at Westminster of a division of his native county, West Meath, is the last survivor in the present Parliament of a type of Irish member otherwise extinct. He belongs to the school established in the House after the general election of 1874, flooding it with increased numbers in 1880. They took their part in the Parliamentary fight after a fashion familiar to-day in Flanders. Under the flag of Home Rule they recklessly bombarded the Treasury bench, the Speaker's chair, and every coign of traditional authority. In due time the infantry, disciplined under the captaincy of John Redmond, advanced with irresistible force and planted the Home Rule flag on the captured fortress. Under altered circumstances, insensibly subjected to the subtle influence of the place, its traditions, and its customs, the Old Guard of the Irish Nationalist party has become prosaically respectable, a change which, while serving the purposes of legislation, has eclipsed the gayety of the House.

Only Mr. Ginnell remains unaltered, impervious, a man apart. Since he entered the House, the Irish Nationalist party has been divided by three. There were the Redmondites, the O'Brienites, and Mr. Ginnell. He declined to enlist in either of the organized parties. A law unto himself, he would accept no man's whip. Solitary and for considerable periods of time silent, he sits below the Gangway. His originality and fertility of resource were displayed in memorable fashion on the occasion of the reëlection of Mr. Lowther to the Chair on the meeting of the present Parliament. Mr. Ginnell had in the present Parliament discovered a regrettable tendency on the part of the Speaker to overlook him when from time to time he rose from the bench to enlighten the House on the current topic of debate. Nursing his wrath to keep it warm, he bided the time for its explosion.

Opportunity was provided when Mr. Lowther, having been duly proposed and seconded for reëlection to the Chair, was about to make due acknowledgment of the honor done him. At the moment—the sole period of its life when such a condition of affairs was possible—the House was absolutely free from control. There was no Speaker in the chair or even in existence. No mace, symbol of authority, gleamed on the table. The crowded House, awaiting brief acknowledgment from the Speaker preliminary to taking the chair, became conscious of a grim figure rising from below the Gangway with a bundle of manuscript in his hand. This was Mr. Ginnell, intent, as he frankly said, upon paying off old scores with the Speaker, who session after session of the last Parliament had baffled attempts to "catch his eye." No one could interfere to check his deliberate purpose. He was absolute master of the situation, and he made the most of it, proceeding for the space of twenty minutes to discuss the conduct of the Speaker-elect in a fashion the shocked Chair throughout its long history had never heard approached. It was a novel, effective form of obstruction that might be expected to turn Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar in their graves with admiring envy tinged with regret that they themselves had never thought of it.

Justice satisfied with this incomparable stroke, Mr. Ginnell has not since often troubled the present Parliament with ordered speech. He has, however, at odd unexpected times access of inquisitiveness which finds expression in a string of questions addressed to Ministers. The passion has lately shown itself in marked manner. Not content with orally administering a Shorter Catechism addressed to the Treasury bench, he has loaded the paper with questions for which he was content to receive printed answers circulating with the votes. It must be admitted that there was a certain quality of monotony about his search after knowledge. One batch of questions related to pigs in Ireland. An ordinary member would have brought in the whole animal and forthwith been done with it. Mr. Ginnell, having brought his pig to market, proceeded, so to speak, to carve it and distribute the joints. He began with a question addressed to the Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Agriculture as to "whether an inquiry is being held into swine-fever and other diseases of pigs, and whether you will expedite it." Next, turning upon the Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture, he lightly inquired "whether there is a prospect of any substantial increase in the number of pigs this year." Taking a broader view of the situation, he next posed the hapless Minister with inquiry "whether his Department has given or offered any encouragement or guidance for the founding of dead meat, tanning, and allied industries in Ireland." He wound up (for the day) by inviting Mr. Attorney-General to make a clean breast of it, informing the House and the country "whether he has or has not considered the inequality which would necessarily result from enforcing the Defence of the Realm act in Ireland."

Mr. Ginnell's lapses into interrogative mood are marked by a characteristic departure from custom. It is the habit of certain members when they have received detailed reply to a query appearing upon the paper to put a series of what are known as supplementary questions. An air of spontaneity is given to the procedure by prefacing further inquiry with the remark, "Arising out of that answer, may I ask the right hon. gentleman——." Some years ago, before he found salvation and became a pattern of decorous membership, Mr. Swift Macneill, in his early turbulent manner, varied the formula by the remark, "Arising out of the answer the right hon. gentleman has not given, I will ask him——." Mr. Ginnell is more systematic in his departure from precedent. He writes out his supplementary questions at home and brings them down to the House in manuscript. While the Minister reads his answers to the question on the paper, you shall see the member for West Meath turning over a sheet of manuscript, picking out the folios designed to elucidate an answer he had not heard when he penned them. The intrinsic difficulty of his position is increased when, as happened last Wednesday, he has prepared four sets of supplementary questions. As he is shortsighted, the folios are apt to get mixed up, providing some fine confused feeding in the way of fresh interrogation. Practically this really does not matter. Mr. Ginnell has done his duty to his constituency and to Ireland. He has dumfounded a Saxon Minister, and, incidentally, has shown John Redmond and William O'Brien how a single member, unhampered by party organization, can hold his own in an alien Parliament.

The House, aweary of its own dulness, welcomes the too rare intervention of the member for West Meath. He is the only remaining link with the hilarious times when Major O'Gorman, Sir Pat O'Brien, and other Irish members who might have stepped forth from the pages of Lever or Lover heard the chimes at midnight at Westminster. The Irish members of the 'seventies and 'eighties are creations of the past, a species extinct in an assembly hampered by the closure and automatically put to bed on the stroke of eleven o'clock. Mr. Ginnell is the Last of the O'Mohicans.

"THE CELEBRATED PERRY BELMONT."

As the sightseeing automobile trundled up New Hampshire Avenue, the passengers craned their necks to look at a grand white palace in the style of architecture so beloved in Paris under the Second Empire. The megaphone-man flourished out the announcement that this was "the residence of the celebrated Perry Belmont, formerly of New York city," with the customary accompaniment enumerating the millions of dollars owned by the gentleman, etc., etc. The party appeared duly impressed, but one inquisitive member made bold to inquire what Mr. Belment was celebrated for; and the megaphone-man hemmed and hawed, and grasped at the straw of relief held out by the near approach of his vehicle to the red-brick and white-trimmed dwelling of Thomas Nelson Page, with its good excuse for changing the subject. How soon, as the philosophic Rip remarked, are we forgotten when we are gone!

Mr. Belmont's career is a pretty fair illustration of the uncertainties of American public life, unless one has an exceptional natural equipment for it, which was not his case. Born to wealth, with a distinguished ancestry on the maternal side and a father who had made a place in the international banking world and served for a time as a secretary of one of the American legations abroad, his decision to enter politics was heralded everywhere as a sign of promise for the new generation, who were going to wipe out the Toms and Dicks and Harrys and put gentlemen into office. He was a Harvard graduate and a lawyer by profession, and it was widely published that he had made a special study of our foreign relations; and when he stood for Congress and was elected, it seemed to thousands of good citizens that a new day was dawning in legislation and diplomacy.

His appearance in Washington was the signal for much rejoicing. Society at the capital city was still in a somewhat primitive stage, and here, it was felt, his personality and training would count, as well as his abundant means; moreover, he was a bachelor, and no occasion therefore existed for questioning whether his wife would prove as agreeable as he. In the party to which he belonged, the "rag baby" bugaboo had given way to a craze over the "dollar-of-the-daddies," and everybody interested in sound finance felt that the presence of a Belmont in the Democratic councils would be a steadying influence and might help save the country from disaster.

But the results were somewhat disappointing. When Mr. Belmont had anything to write, he did it very acceptably; in debate, however, he was not a success. He had a hesitating

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address, and fumbled his phrases in a manner which damaged the expression even of his best ideas, and gave his hearers a notion of his having nothing really to say, but trying merely to hold the floor. In the committee room, when a witness was on the stand and he took a part in the examination, something in his way of going at it seemed to stir up animosity on the part of his victim so that the information sought was not readily forthcoming. Another handicap from which he suffered was the fact that one of the old Democratic wheel-horses in Congress had aspired to the chairmanship of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs, and by most of his associates was regarded as having earned it; but Speaker Carlisle—owing, it was whispered, to the influence of Secretary Bayard—named Mr. Belmont for the place, thus filling the surrounding air with the vapors of jealousy and backbiting.

The situation was considerably improved when Mr. Bayard was moved to send his young friend as Minister to Spain. It was not an important mission as matters stood then between the two countries, but it cleared up some difficulties in Congress, and seemed to give Mr. Belmont an opportunity to prove his gift for diplomacy with a view to future advancement. Unfortunately, the opening was abruptly closed by the election of Harrison to the Presidency and the appointment of Mr. Blaine, with whom Mr. Belmont had clashed to the point of bitter personalities, to the head of the State Department; and before the new Administration was fairly launched, the young Minister was back in his own country. From that day he has had more or less of a hand in politics; but, beyond holding the chairmanship of the New York State Democratic Committee at a time when financial issues were most prominent, and with the prestige of that position advising the party to declare for bimetallism at the very juncture when an unequivocal pronouncement for the single gold standard would have beaten the Republicans to the great vantage point, his service was not conspicuous.

His second advent in Washington was as a benedict, but his marriage had been displeasing to many of his old associates, and, in spite of entertainments excelling in splendor almost anything ever attempted locally, his reception was not cordial. The Roosevelts, who were then in the White House, set the pace for society generally, and at one time a test of strength came about through the coincidence of a White House festal function with something of the same sort under the Belmonts' roof. The result was what might have been expected. Socially Washington had undergone a marked development in the quarter-century between Arthur and Roosevelt, and the families of large fortune who spent their winters there had multiplied so that they were no longer objects of special interest. The same trend has continued since. The young men with notable antecedents who enter public life with aspirations to displace the old mob leaders are now more the rule than the exception, and most of them specialize in some one department of activity, instead of dissipating their influence by moving from foreign affairs to finance, from finance to general politics, and from that in turn to social prominence. It is scarcely wonderful, therefore, that the changes which have swept over their world in a generation should have submerged some of the shining figures of an earlier school.

VIEILLARD.

Correspondence

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Cathedral of Rheims was struck by a few shells on Friday, the 18th of September. The morning following, the enemy commenced the bombardment of the cathedral from a point eight kilometres to the east. By 4:30 in the afternoon, the scaffolding about the right tower was blazing. The flames soon spread to the oaken beams under the roof of the nave, the transept, and the chapels. The roof fell in, setting fire to the straw which the Germans had placed on the floor for their wounded, who were with difficulty saved by French hospital attendants and soldiers. The bombardment continued with intermissions for four or five days, and has since been renewed many times.

The report reached me more than five months ago that a Berlin newspaper had printed, previously to September 19, a brief prophecy or menace of what was going to happen at Rheims. After many efforts, I have obtained a copy of the newspaper mentioned, the *Berliner Blatt*, of September 5. This paper is in its eighteenth year, and does not at all have the appearance of a sensational sheet; quite the contrary. It has features which indicate that it aims to please a steady, family clientèle. Even the first page of this newspaper fails to equal in sensationalism that of the ordinary Berlin papers which it has been my privilege to read. To be sure, the first page of the *Berliner Blatt* of September 5 makes announcements which we now know to be false or exaggerated, but this is inevitable in war times. We read on this page that five French fortresses have fallen without resistance; that von Kluck's cavalry is making raids as far as Paris; that Rheims is to be attacked; that all of northwestern France, with its seaports, will fall into German hands whenever the Germans please; that the German armies have already behind them all of the French strongholds of the second line of defence, except that of Rheims, whose ancient royal glory from the time of the white lilies will soon sink to dust under the German 42-centimetre cannon. It will be well to set down here the German text of the significant sentence: "Die westliche Gruppe unserer Armeen in Frankreich hat die zweite Linie der französischen Sperrfestungen hinter sich, mit Ausnahme von Reims, dessen alte Königsherrlichkeit aus der Zeiten der weissen Lilie aber auch wohl sehr bald vor unseren 42-Zentimeter-Geschützen in den Staub sinken wird."

While it is true that the *Berliner Blatt* is not one of the famous newspapers of Germany, it is equally true that its text for the 5th of September must have passed the censorship, and that it has therefore a certain significance which cannot be denied.

The Germans have not denied that the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims was intentional. Quite the contrary, since they asserted that the bombardment was due to the fact that the French were using the cathedral for military purposes. Gen. Joffre and the ecclesiastical chief of Rheims both declared over their signatures that no military use whatever had been made of the cathedral by the French. The neutral countries have for the most part accepted their statement, believing that the French were as likely to make military use of the Cathedral of Rheims as a King would be to break up the cradle in which he had been rocked, to make kindling wood. That the Germans contemplated the use of churches for military purposes is shown on p. 136 of the military manual of Scharfenort (Berlin, A. Bath, 1906), of which I possess a copy. One may read here that in a hostile country church spires are to be utilized as posts of observation.

RAYMOND WEEKS.

New York, April 27.

PROF. CONYBEARE SEES THE LIGHT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It is a very pleasant task to recognize an act of signal high-mindedness and courage in an antagonist, and I ask you to grant me space for a brief statement of that act and its implications.

Dr. Fred. C. Conybeare has recently written a letter, just published with his consent, in which he completely reverses his position on the causes of the war. As a result of a reëxamination of the official documents of the war, and especially of the British White Book, he states his final conclusions under twelve heads. The following quotations are summaries of two conclusions:

"Sir Edward Grey had, behind our backs, mortgaged our fleet, our only serious arm, to France unconditionally. I believe only Asquith and two or three other members of the Cabinet were in his secret. The public knew, in a vague way, of the Triple Entente, but no one suspected that Grey's diplomacy had left us no choice of our quarrels, and that we were, by it, as much lashed to Russia's chariot wheels as France."

And: "All Grey's answers (to Keir Hardie's interpellation in the House of Commons, on August 27) were thus a model of *hard lying, suppressio veri,* and *suggestio falsi.* Naturally the House of Commons, having been utterly hoodwinked by him, applauded. Presently they will send him to the gallows."

Dr. Conybeare's statement, which brings out new information, serves as an important supplement to Professor Thompson's documentary study, to which I called attention recently. It is printed in the *Vital Issue* of April 17.

The turn has come. The truth is breaking forth. Only prejudice can, in view of these two studies, henceforth blind itself to the fact that the war was forced upon an unwilling Germany by the most conscienceless conspiracy of modern history.

It becomes necessary to reëxamine the cause of Belgium in relation to the thus elucidated cause of the Allies.

Germany violated Belgium in the extremity of her need in the sincere belief that Belgium was bound to lend herself to a fatal thrust into Germany's side. The onslaught against Germany had been planned for years, coldly and with consummate malice. Germany did not intend the undoing of Belgium. The Allies intended that of Germany. Germany has inflicted cruel suffering upon six millions of people. The plan of the Allies involved the same fate for sixty-five millions. A powerful nation invaded a weak nation. But strength and helplessness with its appeal and pathos are relative. The relative superiority of the combination launched against Germany seemed as great as that of Germany over Belgium, aided by Britain and France, before the world and Germany her-

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self had realized her incomparable efficiency.

Atrocities? Does any one, even he who, knowing the character of the German people and the discipline of the German army, gives credence to the charges against the Germans—does he honestly believe that a plot which contemplated the loosing against Germany of Cossacks and Turcomans on the one side, and of Ghurkas, Senegalese, and African savages on the other, compassed *less* severity?

Treaties? There were treaties with Russia and France also, and a tacit agreement grounded in a thousand years of unbroken peace with Britain.

To be sure, the undoing of Belgium is an actuality; that of Germany was a contingency. Should Germany have awaited actual events? But the ruin of Germany was not truly a contingency; it was, if she lagged, a foregone conclusion. And yet we should allow her offence, committed under such circumstances, to overshadow the more fundamental issues of the war and the far greater offences against her? Are we then of the tribe of the Bandarlog? Are we going to exalt supineness as a virtue? Are we going to make it the supreme law of conduct that the well must not be covered until the child is drowned? Are we blind fanatics who hate just proportion more than we love individual rights?

The Belgian people—whatever we think of their Government—have suffered grievously. Everything should be done to make every possible restitution. They deserve every degree of active sympathy. But the duty of making it up to them rests with Britain and France, who used Belgium as their shield, fully as much as with Germany.

The final moral verdict of history will be based on the primary moral question. But the cause of Belgium, prominent as it is pathetically, is not the primary question. The plot of the Entente against Germany, culminating in the attack of Britain, determined upon, as is now proved, irrespective of Germany's attitude towards Belgium—this is the primary factor, in time, in historical scope, and in moral weight.

Prejudgment of the entire cause of Germany on account of her invasion of Belgium springs from a sentimental confusion of values, and ends in a perversion of justice. Indignation at her rises from no sources of high morality and love of freedom, unless it is accompanied by an indignation at the Allies and their cause, greater in proportion to the greater volume, the priority, the greater fundamental immorality of the cold deliberation, and the more serious historical effects of the triple conspiracy.

This conspiracy, as we now know, was engineered by a small clique. By fraud it has been foisted upon the peoples of the Entente, who now hate and die on account of it. They have no share in it except in the agony and the evil by it engendered.

If this fraud, even after being uncovered, can be hidden in prejudice, pride, and greed from the heads and hearts of the people; if a small cabal, fully exposed, can continue to hold the scales of weal and damnation over the whole world; if the people still remain helpless—then justice is a byword and a reproach.

MARTIN SCHUETZE.

Chicago, April 19.

[If Professor Conybeare is right, and Sir Edward Grey is to be regarded as a conspirator against the peace of Europe, then presumably we must consider his suggestion of a conference of the Powers to determine the issue between Austria and Servia as but further evidence of his duplicity. The successful outcome of the conference of the Powers in London, which preserved the peace of Europe, after the Balkan wars, must obviously have been the most bitter disappointment in the career of the statesman who was mainly responsible for the calling of the conference.—ED. THE NATION.]

SIGMA DELTA PSI AND THE ALL-ROUND ATHLETE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: There has recently been established in fourteen of our colleges and universities a new honor society for athletic prowess, which proposes to stand towards physical training in somewhat the same relation that Phi Beta Kappa stands towards the training of intellect. The society is called Sigma Delta Psi (from its motto, σῶμα δοῦλος ψυχῆς, signifynifying *The body the servant of the mind*). It was founded two years ago at Indiana University by Dr. C. P. Hutchins, and is composed, theoretically, of all-round athletes, students who can make in a series of tests, designed to show the results of extensive rather than intensive physical training, a certain set of high records.

It seems probable that the influence ultimately exerted by this society will make a much-needed criticism of prevalent tendencies in undergraduate sportsmanship. For most of our college students go in solely for vicarious athletics on the bleachers, attending practice, "heeling the team," talking athletics, breathing athletics, and cultivating, not sportsmanship, but an aptitude for *panem et circenses*—peanuts and ball-games. Where this is the state of affairs, where there is little personal daily play, 'varsity athletics lend no tone to an institution except the noise of a well-drilled college yell, and do little for the individual except that when his team wins his own chest-expansion is vicariously increased. Compared with Englishmen at Oxford and Cambridge, Americans are grandstand athletes. The fact that this helps to produce our great specialists, our winners at the Olympic games, is beside the present point.

The new honor society, taking note of these conditions, and believing that the finest intellectual tone exists where a large proportion of the students are athletically active, and not where they just "come to work," wishes to encourage comprehensive physical training and development. In no way is the society opposed to intercollegiate athletics or to specialization where such athletics are truly representative. It is, on the contrary, so organized as heartily to encourage them. It proposes to honor, with a distinction comparable to that of Phi Beta Kappa or Sigma Xi, the man who makes of his body what the college curriculum plans to make of his mind, a thing trained to be responsive and to work with the smallest waste of energy.

After much consultation with experts all over the country, Sigma Delta Psi has settled for the present on the following twelve tests of ability, as adapted to the average American collegian under diverse conditions of opportunity and climate. These are here put in the form of a table showing the nature of the test, the marks required for admission to Sigma Delta Psi in both full and junior standing, and, for a standard of comparison, are added some of the records of the Intercollegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America:

	For full standing.	For junior standing.	Records of I.C.A.A.A.A.
100-yard run	11 3-5 s.	12 s.	9 4-5 s.
220-yard low hurdles	31 s.	33 s.	15 1-5 s.
Running high jump	5 ft.	4 ft. 6 in.	6 ft. 3⅛ in.
Running broad jump	17 ft.	15 ft.	24 ft. 4½ in.
Putting 16-lb. shot	30 ft.	25 ft.	48 ft. 10¾ in
The distance is scaled down according to the weight of the candidate, from 30 ft. for a man weighing 160 lbs. or more.			
Pole vault	8 ft. 6 in.	8 ft.	13 ft. 1 in.
Throwing baseball	250 ft.	200 ft.	Prof. record is 438 ft.
Punting football	120 ft.	90 ft.	A long punt is 180 ft.
Swim (distance only)	100 yds.	50 yds.	
2-mile run	12 m. 15 s.	14 m.	Indoor record is 14 m. 29 2-5 s.
0-mile walk	2 hrs. 30 m.	3 hrs.	

Tumbling (front handspring, front dive over four-foot obstacle, handstand for 10s.).

Full standing in the society means the accomplishment, during the period of matriculation, as undergraduate or graduate student, of all the records for full standing, except that the man who has received the 'varsity letter in any sport (who is a full-fledged member of one of the chief university teams) may substitute this letter for any one requirement except swimming. Junior standing means the attainment of a somewhat lower general average, which, nevertheless, indicates high physical proficiency.

This is at present the requirement for admission to any chapter of the national society. It will probably be somewhat changed as future experience shows the need. Suggestions have already been made, for instance, that contain improvements for colleges cultivating a great variety of sports. If the society were to adopt these suggestions, the number of events listed above would be somewhat increased, each to count 100 points towards a total of 1,200 that obtains admission to the chapter. The 'varsity letter in any major sport—football, baseball, track, rowing—would, perhaps, count more than one hundred points; and the insignia for minor sports—hockey, basketball, wrestling, soccer, swimming, gymnastics, golf, tennis, fencing—would count proportionately.

At first glance, the records for junior or full standing in the society may appear to be extremely easy. Compared to the records of the specialist, they are not difficult. But to do them all—there's the rub. Hundreds of people can throw a baseball 250 feet, swim 100 yards, walk ten miles in two hours and a half. These usually prove for the aspirant the easiest tests. In the ten-mile walk in two hours and a half nobody has yet failed at Indiana University, and a number of candidates have done it in less than two hours—owing, perhaps, to the encouragement of the faculty committee, who follow the walkers in an automobile, and occasionally descend to show them, for a few yards, what the proper amount of hip and shoulder play ought to be. But now let the candidate pick out any other three events, to complete half of the total number, and see how enormously the difficulty has increased. If he is a runner, he will do the hundred yards and the three-

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mile run; but can he do the low hurdles or the broad jump, which should also be somewhat in his line? The events most generally difficult, it may be interesting to note, are the low hurdles, the broad jump, the pole vault, the two-mile run, and the tumbling. For any student to accomplish the whole list, whether he has a high degree of native ability or not, will obviously require a considerable amount and variety of training. So far, at Indiana University, where athletic activity has been, to an unusual degree, limited to the 'varsity teams, and yet where the average physical condition of the students is reported to be high, only one man has obtained admission to full standing. Three or four hundred men have made attempts at some or all of the events in the last two years. Several are within one or two points of admission. One freshman, twenty years old, and weighing 165 pounds, who had been a coal miner, and who had no previous athletic training in the schools, passed off in the try-outs of this last spring term every event the first time he tried it officially, except the low hurdles and the pole vault. Another man, who is a member of the football, baseball, and track teams, and who passed easily most of the events, is still unable to complete the list of requirements. There are, after a year's trial in the large universities of Minnesota and Texas, no members; and there are, in all, but eight members of the society so far, one in Wabash College, six in the University of Colorado, and one in Indiana. In a few years, when present underclassmen are seniors, there will undoubtedly be many members, and as soon as chapters are established more generally in the East, where opportunity for sport is greater than in the West, the honor-list may be expected to grow rapidly.

There is strongly in this whole idea one of the most useful elements in all sport, the contest with one's self. It is that which makes golf so beneficial and so popular. Golf is said to be made up of competition and introspection. However self-knowledge comes, it is undoubtedly useful, and the candidate for Sigma Delta Psi, whether he ultimately achieves the distinction or not, will have the satisfaction of knowing far more clearly than the next man what are his capabilities and his defects, where he stands among his fellows, and how to improve himself in many directions. He will gain this knowledge in an interesting way, by no means devoid of the excitement of competition; for, like the golfer, he not only plays a game with himself and with the other man, but with Bogey—in this case the all-round athlete.

RICHARD RICE, JR.

Bloomington, Ind., January 10.

"KULTUR" IN EURIPIDES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the "Ion" of Euripides the ancient pædagogue, plotting to murder Ion by means of secret poison, leaves the stage with these words:

τὴν δ' εὐσέβειαν εὐτυχοῦσι μὲν καλὸν
τιμᾶν· ὅταν δὲ πολεμίους δρᾶσαι κακῶς
θέλῃ τις, οὐδεὶς ἐμποδὼν κεῖται νόμος.

His utterance expresses what seems to be the Prussian state of mind in this and other wars.

NELSON L. ROBINSON.

New York, March 9.

Literature

PROPERTY AND CIVILIZATION.

The Challenge of Facts and Other Essays. By William Graham Sumner. New Haven: Yale University Press. $2.25 net.

A resemblance not altogether fanciful may be traced between Tennyson's Northern Farmer and the late Professor Sumner. The former exclaims:

Dosn't thou 'ear mv 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saäy;

adding, "Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braains." We find the same dominant note in this volume of Sumner's essay. "Property," he insists, "is the condition of civilization." And this he says without mental reservation. Property is just as essential to the state, to religion, and to education as it is to food and clothing. In the form of capital it is essential to industry, but if capital were not property, it would not do its work in industry. If we negative or destroy property, we arrest the whole life of civilized society, and put men back on the level of beasts. Property is the first interest of man in time and in importance.

This is strong meat for a generation overfed, perhaps, on the milk of human kindness. There is a disposition now, as Sumner points out, to apologize for property, even while resisting attack upon it. This he holds to be wrong. Property ought to be defended on account of its reality and importance, and on account of its rank among the interests of men.

In him it certainly finds a stout defender, as is attested by this latest volume of his essays under the editorship of Mr. Albert Galloway Keller. The late John B. Gough used to tell his audiences that whatever might be his subject, he always got back to temperance. The thing Sumner is always talking about is individualism, whose first connotation is property—or capital, if one may speak courageously. In the essay which gives the work before us its title he declares that the relation between each man's needs and each man's energy, or "individualism," is the first fact of human life. Individualism is the basis of family life, as the perpetuation of the race in health and vigor, and its success as a whole in its struggle to expand and develop, require that the head of the family shall, by his energy, be able to supply not only his own needs, but those of the organisms which are dependent upon him. The next great fact we have to notice in regard to the struggle for human life is that labor which is spent in a direct struggle with nature is severe in the extreme, and but slightly productive. To subjugate nature, man needs weapons and tools, and he needs subsistence while these are being made. In other words, he needs capital. Each man carries on the struggle to win his support for himself, but there are others engaged in the same struggle. The condition for the complete and regular action of the force of competition is liberty.

Franklin says that they that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety. This seems to be Sumner's view. What he means by liberty is civil liberty, or liberty under the law; and this means the guarantees of law that a man shall not be interfered with while using his own powers for his own welfare. It is, therefore, a civil and political status; and that nation has the freest institutions in which the guarantees of peace for the laborer and security for the capitalist are the highest. Liberty does not by any means do away with the struggle for existence. What civil liberty does is to turn the competition of man with man from violence and brute force into an industrial competition under which men vie with one another for the acquisition of material goods by industry, energy, skill, frugality, prudence, temperance, and other industrial virtues. Under this changed order of things the inequalities are not done away with; but it is now the man of the highest training, and not the man of the heaviest fist, who gains the highest reward. It is impossible that the man with capital and the man without capital should be equal. Considering the eagerness with which we all seek capital, and the estimate we put upon it, either in cherishing it if we have it, or envying others if we have it not, it is strange what platitudes pass current about it in our society so soon as we begin to generalize about it. It is folly to denounce capital. To do so is to undermine civilization, for capital is the first requisite of every social gain, educational, ecclesiastical, political, æsthetic, or other.

Facts, indeed, are stubborn things, as we realize when we find ourselves unable to refute Sumner's statement that every law or institution which protects persons at the expense of capital makes it easier for persons to live and to increase the number of consumers of capital, while lowering all the motives to prudence and frugality by which capital is created. Every such law or institution tends to produce a large population, sunk in misery. All poor laws and all eleemosynary institutions and expenditures have this tendency. On the contrary, all laws and institutions which give security to capital against the interests of other persons than its owners restrict numbers, while preserving the means of subsistence. Hence, every such law or institution tends to produce a small society on a high stage of comfort and well being. It follows that the antithesis commonly thought to exist between the protection of persons and the protection of property is in reality only an antithesis between numbers and quality. When we look the facts of human life out of which the social problem springs squarely in the face, we find them in many respects hard and stern. The more we break down privileges of class, or industry, and establish liberty, the greater will be the inequalities and the more exclusively will the vicious bear the penalties. Poverty and vice will exist in

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society just so long as vice exists in human nature.

Sumner's general attitude towards the social problem may easily be deduced from what goes before. He is perhaps most entertaining in what he has to say of some of the modes of dealing with this problem. He commends, for example, Rousseau's cure for inequality by a return to the hunting stage of life as practiced by the American Indians, and says: "If you want equality, you must not look for it on the path of advancing civilization. You may go back to the mode of life of the American Indian, and, although you will not then reach equality, you will escape those glaring inequalities of wealth and poverty by coming down to a comparative equality, that is, to a status in which all are equally miserable." Speaking of Karl Marx's contention that the employer is a pure parasite, who has fastened on the wage-receiving employee without need or reason, he says: "If this notion were true, coöperation in production would not need any effort to bring it about; it would take an army to keep it down."

He raps Germany hard. A great amount of mischief, he maintains, has been done by sentimental economists and social philosophers who have thought it their professional duty, not to investigate and teach the truth, but to dabble in philanthropy:

> It is in Germany that this development has been most marked, and as a consequence of it the judgment and sense of the whole people in regard to political and social questions have been corrupted. It is remarkable that the country whose learned men have wrought so much for every other science, especially by virtue of their scientific method and rigorous critical processes, should have furnished a body of social philosophers without method, discipline, or severity of scholarship, who have led the nation in pursuit of whims and dreams and impossible desires.

Among us there has been less of that sort of thing, for our people "still possess enough sterling sense to reject sentimental rubbish in its grosser forms." But we have had and still have abundance of the more subtle forms of socialistic doctrine, and these open the way to the others. We have also our writers and teachers, who seem to think that "the weak" and "the poor" are terms of exact definition; that government exists, in some special sense, for the sake of the classes so designated; and that the same classes (whoever they are) have some special claim on the interest and attention of the economist and social philosopher. It may be believed, says Sumner, that in the opinion of these persons the training of men is the only branch of human effort in which the labor and care should be spent, not on the best specimens, but on the poorest.

Sumner's attitude is not unlike that of Kant, who declares that philosophy stands in need of a science which shall determine the possibility, principles, and extent of human knowledge *à priori*. To him facts and fancies are as wheat and chaff, which must be rigidly separated in the harvesting of ideas. We can almost hear him exclaim with the Königsberg professor: "It is, indeed, the common fate of human reason in speculation, to finish the imposing edifice of thought as rapidly as possible, and then for the first time to begin to examine whether the foundation is a solid one or no."

CURRENT FICTION.

The City of Pleasure. By Arnold Bennett. New York: George H. Doran Co.

If sign were needed that greatness had been thrust upon Mr. Arnold Bennett, it might be found in the fact that an early novel, already published in England, but hitherto confined to that section of the English-speaking peoples, is now considered worthy of republication in this country. "The City of Pleasure," written in Mr. Bennett's lightest and most high-spirited vein, might be described as a burlesque of a detective story. The *mise en scène* is supplied by one of the great exhibitions on the order of the "White City," and the principal characters are the two originators of the enterprise. The story concerns the antipathy that developed between these twain and the plots and counter-plots that resulted from it. Provided one does not attempt to follow too conscientiously the ramifications of these plots, the tale is entertaining enough, although in art it falls far below the standard of "Denry" or "Buried Alive." Carpentaria, the great *entrepreneur* with the poet's soul, is an amusing person sketched in Mr. Bennett's characteristic manner, and the ferocious Mrs. Ilam is as formidable a hag as we remember to have come across in recent literature. One who has followed, not without misgivings, the recent career of Mr. Bennett is tempted to inquire, not, perhaps, for the first time, whether in following the fashion of glum realism a fine romantic writer has been spoiled.

The Happy Recruit. By W. Pett Ridge. New York: George H. Doran Co.

His American publishers inform us that the author is often referred to as "the O. Henry of London." As we believe the late "O. Henry" was in his time labelled "the Kipling of America," this seems only a fair turn-about. In fact, the present resemblance is not close. Mr. Ridge has something analogous to O. Henry's understanding of city streets and ways, but little of his instinct for the salient and picturesque. He has no "punch"; his persons and events, or rather occurrences, do not stamp themselves even with momentary vividness upon the reader's vision. His, rather, is the slice-of-life method, the taking of apparently almost any group of scenes for his subject, and then depending for his effect upon patience and fidelity, rather than brilliancy of treatment. His matter here is sufficiently unpromising. The "happy recruit" is a waif—almost, one might say, any waif—from the Continent, child of a poor Russian woman whose death leaves him and his new-born sister alone in England. All he asks is permission to stay there. He is industrious, ambitious, and, in the upshot, honest. He takes hold of life by the first handle that offers, and by force of character gradually works his way to moderate success. One of his first steps is to cast off his foreign name with his accent; he becomes in the end more British than the Briton. It is, if you like, a study of England as a "melting-pot." The casual course of the young recruit's love affair is as natural as quaint. The whole narrative is rather colored than "illuminated" by the mild, unassertive humor which distinguishes this writer from so many of his squib-shooting contemporaries.

Arundel. By E. F. Benson. New York: George H. Doran Co.

Mr. Benson has written a musico-psychological novel in a prologue, three books, and 350 closely printed pages. It is all about a young girl who, in addition to all the virtues, moral and physical, that young womanhood ought to possess, has a passion for music and much skill in its execution. Into her life enters a young man, also endowed with a musical, but inarticulate, soul. The obvious plan would have been for the two to get married and spend the rest of their lives going to the opera together—as, being in prosperous circumstances, they could very well have afforded to do. This, however, would have entailed a short book and an unpsychological one; so the author astutely arranges that the young man, shortly before his first meeting with Elizabeth, shall have carelessly engaged himself to her cousin, and many pages are devoted to a conscientious analysis of the feelings of the three parties to this blameless triangle. Truth to tell, the result is a somewhat dull book, written in a style of laborious realism, reminiscent of Arnold Bennett in his most determined moments, and only in part redeemed by illuminative sketches of some of the minor characters, and by occasional flashes of the humor that we know Mr. Benson can display. One feels on laying the book aside that the reward has been incommensurate with the pains, for one remains unconvinced of the reality of any of the three principal characters.

Allan and the Holy Flower. By H. Rider Haggard. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

It is a real joy to meet again Allan Quatermain, *redivivum*. That, however, is not a strictly accurate expression, for Sir H. Rider Haggard, instead of emulating Conan Doyle's desperate expedient of miraculously restoring his dead hero to life for the edification of a second generation of readers, simply makes us another book out of some earlier episodes of the full life of Allan Quatermain. Finding Rider Haggard again writing in his earlier manner, of those great bygone days in Africa—of Allan, the mighty hunter, and Zulus, fierce but faithful, and strange and heroic adventures—what strikes one most forcibly is the absolute prodigality of this author. Into a chapter he will cram enough adventurous matter to last another writer, with economy, through an entire vol-

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ume. To outline the plot of the present story would be to anticipate the pleasure of the reader. It is sufficient to say that Allan is the same redoubtable little man as ever, a mighty hunter before the Lord, on whose marksmanship in this tale more even than usual is staked. His little tags of philosophic comment on life are as simple and commonplace as ever, and it is refreshing to find him still retaining the courage of his Victorian convictions. But the real heroes of the story are Mavovo, the great fighting Zulu, and Hans, the crafty Kaffir—known as "Spotted Snake," whose guile more than once saves the party from destruction, and who at the end is rechristened by the dying Zulu with the proud title "Lord of the Fire." What was the Holy Flower, and how the craft of Hans, the bravery of Mavovo, and the marksmanship of "Macumazahn" overcame its strange and eerie guardians, the reader must discover for himself, and he will find the quest well worth his while.

Happy Pollyooly. By Edgar Jepson. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Pollyooly is one of the impossible children who by meddling in an inextricably tangled social situation bring everything to rights as if by magic. She is an observant child of twelve, the housekeeper for her patron, the Hon. John Ruffin, of the Inner Temple, a graduate of the seven standards at the Muttle Deeping School, and an attendant upon a dancing academy from which she has imbibed notions of a theatrical career. All this is under her employer's patronage, and she repays him with devoted service. She assists the barrister's best friend to bring his love affair to a joyful termination, she is taken down to the seashore with the Lump—that being the name given her placid baby brother—where she plays a part in a varied social comedy; and she ends by helping adjust the family squabbles of a real duchess and duke. The pages on her encounters on the beach with a bumptious German princeling, who has been instructed by his father that England will some day form a part of the Kaiser's dominion, have real humor and no bad racial feeling. The whole novel is to be taken in the spirit of light children's opera.

August First. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews and Roy Irving Murray. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This should be a good "article" for the general market. It has those properties of cleverness, thrill, and sentiment which the magazines demand, because, so they say, the public demands them. Certainly a large and profitable public supports them; and Mrs. Andrews has had plenty of chance to prove the acceptability of her own tidbits. She has the secret of the short story, and here makes good play with what would, we suppose, be called a novelette. While, that is, it lacks the scope and variety we now associate with the word "novel"—originally a word of so slight meaning—its action could hardly be condensed into short-story form. The situation is piquant enough: a young, athletic parson trying to dissuade a lovely (and rich) girl from suicide, chiefly by letter. Here, we suppose, in the composition of the letters, the co-author comes in. The correspondence is spirited and well sustained—too well sustained, perhaps. For, to tell the truth, there is not enough leeway for doubt as to what is to happen, from the moment when the white-gowned maiden with the roses in her hat comes for ghostly advice to the door of the young curate. She may talk as much as she pleases of the pistol waiting in her drawer—it is too clearly a stage-property to daunt any experienced reader. This story, like nine-tenths of our current fiction, is not framed for the experienced reader, but for the young thing in his or her mating season, who cares not at all for probabilities, and everything for glamour—which may as well as not be a ready-made glamour. That would be our exception to this, in a minor sense, well-written story: it is frankly "ready to wear."

A HISTORY OF TRAVEL.

A History of Travel in America, Showing the Development of Travel and Transportation from the Crude Methods of the Canoe and Dog-sled to the Highly Organized Railway Systems of the Present, together with a Narrative of the Human Experiences and Changing Social Conditions that Accompanied this Economic Conquest of the Continent. By Seymour Dunbar. With maps, colored plates, and other illustrations reproduced from early engravings, original contemporaneous drawings, and broadsides. In four volumes. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $10 net.

The passion for travel is primitive. Even if early man had had no desire to move about from mere love of change, the kind of pressure that we now call economic must soon have led him to a more or less roving habit of life. Opposing bodies of water may have been the original stimulus to the search for a substitute for walking as a mode of locomotion. Streams must have been crossed on logs of wood, if not by more pretentious rafts and "dug-outs," long before men rode on the backs of animals or yoked them to any form of sled or wagon.

But written records stop short of the beginning of any of the simpler forms of travel. When the curtain of history rises, the breeding of horses, asses, and mules for riding and drawing burdens is already old, wheeled vehicles have gone through many stages of evolution, canals have been excavated, and men have ventured far out upon the seas in well-constructed vessels moved by oars and sails. Thus man has thwarted any effort to give an exhaustive account of these achievements by effecting them too far in advance of the ability or desire to make and transmit a written record. A historian of travel, therefore, must plunge *in medias res* and describe mainly the continuance of the old, until he reaches the period when the discovery that steam power could be applied to the instruments of locomotion began an era of radical revolution. The subject has grown so big that if a comprehensive history of travel and transportation is ever accomplished it will require the best efforts of a large and well-chosen staff. Mr. Seymour Dunbar, however, has had the courage single-handed to attempt the task for our own country. It was a task which, in the very nature of the case, called for a clean-cut conception of scope and method. Only a small portion of available material could be included in any event, if the four volumes contemplated were not to swell to forty, and, unless the question of inclusion or exclusion in each case were decided by rigorous and well-chosen tests, the danger that the result would be not the history of travel in America, but merely a miscellaneous collection of materials bearing on that history, is readily seen.

The first volume brings the subject down to Fulton and the Clermont, though with an occasional glance ahead, as when the author prematurely slays the flat-boat and keel-boat traffic with the year 1850. The present writer has seen scores of such boats headed for the lower Mississippi markets, loaded with apples, potatoes, and other farm produce, or with manufactured articles, more than twenty years later than the date given. A material part of the soft coal mined in western Pennsylvania descended the Ohio and Mississippi in flat-boats, unaided by steam, later than 1850. In a terrible "blizzard" of the Civil War period, in which many soldiers were frozen to death in the field, two uncles of the writer made an ineffectual effort to save the lives of boatmen freezing to death on such a boat in the middle of the Ohio, some fifty miles below Wheeling. There is lack of due proportion in Mr. Dunbar's account of steamboat travel. The detailed experiments and experiences of Fitch, Fulton, and others might well have been condensed, with consequent saving of space for a more adequate treatment of the brilliant era of steamboat travel and transportation on the waters of the great Mississippi Valley, a development which had its vigor rapidly sapped by the era of railway building that marked the years following the Civil War. Such a book as George Byron Merrick's "Old Times on the Upper Mississippi," read and well digested, would have given Mr. Dunbar material for some very interesting phases of steamboat travel almost wholly ignored in his volumes. One feature of water traffic which escapes his notice is the floating of enormous quantities of logs and sawed lumber down the Ohio and Mississippi in rafts, from the great pine forests of the region of the Allegheny River above Pittsburgh. This method, far cheaper than that of boats or cars, ceased only with the practical exhaustion of the forests, well along in the seventies. The traveller from this region who to-day sees the rafts of pine logs being towed down the Rhine may well wish that some of the German ideas as to conservation of forests had been applied in this country. The skill, born of stern necessity, in the pilots on our

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inland waters, before the era of charts, signal lights, buoys, dredges, snag-boats, and other governmental aids to navigation, is a very interesting feature of water travel only slightly noticed by Mr. Dunbar. The third volume has four chapters on canal building and traffic, embracing interesting pictures of canal travel from the "human experience" point of view alluded to on the title-page, but one does not find in them a lucid and comprehensive account of the serious part which the canal has played in the country's development. Nor does the author anywhere take the pains to show, fully and carefully, just how the introduction of the railway has affected water traffic, at one point superseding it altogether, at another altering its methods, and at still another largely increasing its bulk and profits.

The influence of the Indian tribes on early routes of travel was, of course, important, but the author should not have allowed his sense of proportion to be warped by a wholly commendable sympathy with the southern tribes in their hopeless struggle to maintain their treaty rights against the determination of the whites to force them into the Far West. The account of this episode runs through several chapters of the second volume. It has an historical value of its own, and one should not shrink from it because it throws discredit upon our own national reputation for fair dealing; but it is not here brought into any really vital relation to the subsequent organization of facilities for travel and transportation in the regions thus cleared for white occupation.

One finds early and often in Mr. Dunbar's pages the evidence of a belief that we have gone steadily wrong in our development of facilities for transportation. He is apparently of the opinion that a comprehensive system might have been created in outline at the start and gradually built up, in logical order and sequence, along with the increase and geographical spread of population. This is especially noticeable in his treatment of the railway. Our ancestors, when they learned that steam-drawn cars on rail lines were feasible, should have leaped at once in imagination to a comprehensive system of economically situated trunk lines and branches, and every mile built should have taken its due place in this system. As a matter of course, the gauge should have been standardized from the outset, so that a car of Maine potatoes could be delivered in Palm Beach or Seattle without reloading. In other words, it is all wrong not to discount the results of a few generations of experience before you have it and enjoy at once a civilization that you foolishly leave to your descendants simply because it has not yet been born. Mr. Dunbar realizes at least that such a feat of anticipatory wisdom could not have been expected from private initiative, and so he is an evident believer in direct governmental action in the field under consideration. He acknowledges that tentative experiments in this direction by various States were not successful, and attributes the failure mainly to the spoils system of politics, by which, he thinks, "practically the whole purpose of government as an instrument designed by humanity for bettering its affairs was overthrown in the republic." A ready sympathy with his bitterness against spoils politics does not oblige one to follow him in his belief that the chief damage from this source lies in the distrust which it created as to the wisdom of governmental ownership of public utilities. Nor can we go with him in the idea that the continuance of that distrust at the present time is due in essential measure to the influence of interested corporations upon public opinion. If the cause of governmental ownership had no opposition more likely to be effective with the voter than that of open or secret advocacy by corporations, its triumph would be easy.

We have indicated sufficiently that these volumes do not adequately fulfil the promise of their title. One cannot get from them a satisfactory grasp of the origin and development of the facilities for travel and transportation in America. Nor can one get such a grasp of any single branch of the subject. The same lack of clear conception of scope, judicious selection of material, and effective arrangement runs through it all. For the pictorial illustrations, in themselves, we have nothing but commendation. They have been culled from many and widely separated sources, they are of high historical value, and are excellently reproduced. A more careful arrangement would, however, have brought them into better relation to the text. As transportation of freight is included, one might have expected some pictorial presentation of the remarkable development of machinery for loading and unloading which has marked the last few decades, especially in the great lake region of our Northern border. But all this is as wholly unnoticed in the text as in the illustrations. Such omissions would be less subject to criticism if the work had been less comprehensive in its title.

But the most annoying defect of all is yet to be mentioned. The miscellaneous character of the material, together with its lack of logical organization, makes a thorough and lucid index all the more necessary if the mass of really valuable information presented is to be available for reference. But the forty-five pages denominated as "Index" might with little injustice be characterized as chaos unrelieved. As a sample, the fourth entry on the first page of this index is "Attitude of White Americans *in relation to*" various subjects grouped under fourteen different sub-heads. These sub-heads are wholly unalphabetical in their arrangement. They form paragraphs averaging about five lines in length, and the detailed references in each paragraph are also unalphabetical. If you wish to refer to something you have seen in the text about the Mississippi River, you must turn not directly to the word Mississippi, but to an unbroken two-page mass of words and figures under the heading "Rivers, Streams, Bodies of Water." Near the middle of this mass, if your eyes are sharp enough, you will find your word, in the middle of a line and followed by ten solid lines of page references, naked figures, and nothing more. Or let us suppose that you want to locate Tecumseh, mentioned a half-dozen times in the text. You will first look for the name where it ought to be, and will not find it. In despair you may run through the leaves at random, and your eye will possibly catch a heading "Individuals," twenty pages back. Tecumseh was surely an individual, and so you bore into another unparagraphed mass of names and figures, seven pages long without a single break, but all in vain. If you have good luck, you will at last find him lurking in the fifteenth subdivision, "Individual Natives," under the general heading "Indians." Is there any possible defence for this sort of thing? An old Roman teacher said that real progress is impossible until you know just where you want to go, and by what road. If the author of these volumes had given due heed to that truth at the outset, the value of his years of labor would have been immeasurably enhanced.

A NEW HISTORICAL SERIES.

Kings and Queens of England. Edited by R. S. Rait and W. Page. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. "Henry II," by L. F. Salzmann; "Henry VII," by Gladys Temperley. $2.50 net each.

The title of this new historical series, "Kings and Queens of England," is unfortunate, particularly in this country, for one is naturally reminded of the garrulous writings of Miss Strickland, replete with petty, often apocryphal, details of English royalty and court gossip. The plan of the editors, however, is to furnish, in light of the latest scholarship and according to the best historical methods, an evaluation of the influence of the English sovereigns upon the life and activities of their time, to describe the king at work, rather than at play.

Prof. J. T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, has written a highly suggestive introduction to "Henry VII," which is intended presumably to serve as a statement of the aims and purposes of the series. He welcomes the newer economic and social histories, but he believes that there is an unconscious tendency at present to read democratic aspirations and ideals into an essentially undemocratic past. He is of the opinion that there is more truth in the Hero Worship idea of Carlyle than we are willing to admit. The extensive theoretical powers of the English King were once actually exercised. Modern democracy has attempted to appropriate rather than to destroy them. Viewed in this light, a study of their origin and development becomes a study of the people's adoptive past.

A history of England along lines suggested by Professor Shotwell would be stimulating, no doubt, but it would require deep and careful scholarship and an unusual degree of caution and discrimination. The first two volumes of the series, while they do not fully reach this plane, do set a high standard of

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excellence. They are well bound, light to handle, printed on soft, thick paper in type pleasant to read, and are furnished with numerous illustrations. The work is intended for the general reader, but the specialist will find it worthy of consideration.

"Henry II," by L. F. Salzmann, is a discriminating account based upon the best contemporary and modern authorities. Special attention has been given to the invaluable Pipe Rolls, and some good material is here placed before the general reader for the first time. In the main, however, there is little that is new either in fact or interpretation. Too much space is given to military matters, and too little to Henry's activities on the Continent. Mr. Salzmann has written two good chapters on Ireland and Wales, but his anti-Celtic prejudices are apparent. The struggle between Henry and Thomas à Becket is described in a graphic manner, but the reviewer is inclined to believe that the author did not fully appreciate the great principles involved. The archbishop is held largely responsible for the controversy. Mr. Salzmann's view of Thomas is apparently that of Gilbert Foliot, Bishop of London, who said, "My friend, he always was a fool and always will be." The chapter on legal and constitutional reforms is based upon the best modern authorities, and will prove valuable for those who do not have the time and patience to master the larger and more technical treatises. On the whole, the book is decidedly superior to the well-known life of Henry II by Mrs. Green.

"Henry VII," by Gladys Temperley, is the more scholarly work of the two volumes, and approaches more nearly to the plan of the series. The style is interesting, with many happily turned phrases. The treatment is unusually broad, but too much space has been devoted to diplomacy. The description of the social and economic confusion, the spirit of greed and bitterness, and the moral degeneration at the close of the War of the Roses is particularly well done. "Rebellion had become a habit, treason an occupation." In an effective manner Miss Temperley shows how Henry established peace and prosperity, and placed England in the forefront of European nations. He was the real founder of the Tudor Despotism, based on popular approval, an alliance between the crown and the middle classes. "Parliamentary government had been a lamentable failure, and the people, who had proved themselves unripe for power, were ready to sacrifice the theory of freedom for the fact of power."

There is a good discussion of the influence of the King upon trade and commerce. English industries of all kinds were fostered at the expense of foreign merchants. The paternal policy of regulation was pursued, but monopolies were restrained. Henry VII inaugurated the Mercantile System, which shaped the policies of England until the adoption of free trade in the nineteenth century. As Bacon said, "He bowed the ancient policy of this realm from consideration of plenty to consideration of power."

It is shown from trustworthy contemporary sources that Henry was generous and benevolent, easy of approach, fond of gorgeous dress and other luxuries, and devoted to music and sports. In reference to the significance of his reign, Miss Temperley writes:

> The critical spirit was thrusting itself into all the dark spirit of mediæval thought, questioning the foundations of accepted beliefs. Under this new influence mediæval priestcraft and kingcraft gave way to a new theology and a new monarchy. Feudalism and manorialism were replaced by the new divisions of capital and labor, and from the decay of communism sprang the triumph of individualism. . . . It is not too much to say that by the end of the reign the influence of Henry the Seventh's personality touched the lives of his subjects at almost every point.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS.

Railroads: Finance and Organization. By William Z. Ripley. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3 net.

It is a little more than two years since the first volume of Professor Ripley's work on railways, covering rates and regulation, was reviewed in this journal (*Nation*, April 10, 1913). The promise held out in that volume has been well fulfilled in the second. Together they present a comprehensive treatment of the railway question in the United States—its history, the theoretical principles applicable to its price-making functions, the legislation affecting railways, particularly the Interstate Commerce Act, and the diverse problems of finance and corporate relationship associated with the activities of this all-pervasive industry. No such exhaustive treatment of our railway problem has ever before been attempted. When one considers the difficulties that are offered to an author who sets out with such a purpose, one must felicitate Professor Ripley upon the pronounced success that he has achieved. The second volume confirms the statement made in the review of the first that this will long remain the standard authority on the subject.

It is interesting to observe that lapse of time, combined with more intimate study of railway relations, has had a marked influence towards conservatism on the part of the author. He does not hesitate to denounce financial abuses in unmeasured terms, but he exhibits a judgment better balanced and evinces a spirit more determined to appreciate both sides of a question than were apparent in his earlier volume. This will appear more clearly when his positions on specific problems are noted.

In the matter of style one must again warn the reader that these books are not for the beginner. Their predominant characteristic is their extraordinary accumulation of detailed material, through which the reader must thread his way to the goal, with few and sometimes no sign-boards to assist him on his way, and with an uncertainty occasionally whether he has arrived at the point for which he started. Moreover, in many instances problems are handled in an allusive manner requiring for their appreciation a preliminary knowledge of the attending circumstances. Yet when one considers the limitations of space, the mass of available material, and the gravity of the problem of selection, one readily condones these occasional obscurities.

In brief, the topics covered in this second volume are construction, finance, capitalization, and securities, including their regulation, speculation and stock-watering, receivership, inter-corporate relations, pooling, and physical valuation. Particularly noteworthy are the chapters devoted to the tendency to combination in this country. In no other one place can so concise a story of this phase of railway development be found.

The spirit of the book may be best expressed by giving the author's point of view on certain of these controverted questions. While recognizing the evils accompanying construction in individual instances, Professor Ripley admits that for the most part financial methods associated with construction were consistent with the highest standards of probity, and that the creation of the greatest railway net in the world should be matter for national pride. If we eliminate certain individual cases, the capitalization of American railways does not appear to be unduly high, and the net returns upon net capitalization are far from excessive. Official investigations in various States of the physical value of railways have laid to rest "the hoary-headed bogey of an immense overcapitalization of American railroads." Whatever may have been true in the past, there exists at present in railway property a substantial equity above outstanding liabilities. The conclusion must be avoided that because speculative manipulation has been resorted to by some roads, American railway finance is on the whole unsound. A large majority of our common carriers are certainly as honestly administered as are private businesses.

Among a large number of suggestions as to methods for betterment of the present situation involving voluntary action by the railways as well as State and Federal enactment, two stand out with sufficient prominence to warrant mention in this connection. The first is the taking of affirmative action to permit and even to encourage co-operation of carriers for the elimination of the wastes of competition. This highly desirable result that the author seeks must, however, await the leisurely effect of education that shall help the public to distinguish between genuine competition which the whole spirit of our present-day legislation demands, and that false and disastrous competition which a repeal of the anti-pooling clause of the Interstate Commerce Act would tend to eradicate.

A second proposal is that the States be relieved of the burden of regulation in matters of finance through the assumption of the authority by the Federal Government. That finance needs far severer discipline than it has had is obvious, and that this discipline can be better administered by the

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Federal Government is equally patent. The author has shown by many illustrations that financial manipulation ending in prostration has resulted in collapse of the service, and that governmental protection is, if anything, more vital here than in the matter of rates. Divided responsibility between the different governments in these matters should be brought to an end. Finally, account should be taken of the broad-minded attitude of the author with reference to the future of our railway system. Public regulation must be sufficiently generous to assure an adequate supply of capital for future needs. Adequate service, efficient operation, and fair profits must be somehow linked together if development is not to be hampered. If this progress is greatly checked, if service seriously declines, there will be no recourse but governmental ownership. Governmental regulation is for the present on trial.

Notes

The Thomas Y. Crowell Company announces the publication of a new and cheaper edition of "The Evolution of Literature," by A. S. Mackenzie.

"Accidentals," by Helen Mackay, is announced for publication on May 25 by Duffield & Company.

Frederick A. Stokes Company's announcements of publications for this month include "The War of 1914-1915 for Boys and Girls," by Elizabeth O'Neill; "The Life of His Majesty, Albert, King of the Belgians," by John de Courcey Macdonnell; "A Month's German Newspapers," selected and translated by Adam L. Gowans, and "The Life of General Joffre," by Alexander Kahn.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish on Saturday "'In Hoc Vince': The Story of a Red Cross Flag," by Florence L. Barclay; "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861," by C. G. Woodson, and "America to Japan," a symposium of papers by representative citizens of the United States on the relations between Japan and the United States and on the interests that the two countries have in common, edited by Lindsay Russell.

The *Nation* has expressed its admiration so fully of Messrs. Longmans' luxurious edition of the "Collected Works of William Morris" as the successive volumes have appeared, that the completion of the publication (Vols. XXI-XXIV) leaves little to be said. The manufacture of the books is worthy of the great regenerator of beautiful workmanship himself, although the typography is perfectly simple, with no attempt at adornment and with no disregard of the fact that type, after all, is primarily to be read. The two notable features of the edition, however, are the introductions by Miss May Morris and the abundance of new material. As for the former, they have something of the quality of the prefatorial matter furnished by Mrs. Ritchie for the works of Thackeray, mingling biography, bibliography, and criticism in a manner that charms and informs at the same time. Miss Morris never lets the reader forget that she is writing of a father who was to her an object of affection and reverence, but the tone is always in good taste. The new material now printed is of an unusual sort and admits of special justification. We say "justification" because a famous author is oftener than not served very doubtfully by rescuing his rejected manuscripts and loading down his completed works with juvenilia and ephemeral matter. But Morris was peculiar in his method of composing. If a poem did not suit his taste it was ordinarily easier for him to do the whole thing over *de novo*, sometimes in quite different form, than to patch and revise. And as he was singularly even in his flow of inspiration, his rejected experiments are not infrequently about as worthy of preservation as the authorized version. Then there was a great array of pieces to be gathered in from magazines and other fugitive sources. Miss Morris states in the introduction to the last volume that, unless something turns up from an unexpected quarter, everything is now printed that "we should wish to be given to the world." It is enough.

One does not think of Morris as a maker of sonnets; his fluid soul was not easily pent up in any such narrow room. Yet he could at need rival Rossetti in this field also, as these lines (from what source taken we are not told) may demonstrate:

Sad-eyed and soft and gray thou art, O morn!
Across the long grass of the marshy plain
Thy west wind whispers of the coming rain,
Thy lark forgets that May is grown forlorn
Above the lush blades of the springing corn,
Thy thrush within the high elm strives in vain
To store up tales of spring for summer's pain—
Vain day, why wert thou from the dark night born?

O many-voiced strange morn, why must thou break
With vain desire the softness of my dream
Where she and I alone on earth did seem?
How hadst thou heart from me that land to take
Wherein she wandered softly for my sake
And I and she no harm of love might deem?

M. Henry Carton de Wiart, Keeper of the Seals of Belgium, in writing a little preface to the volume "La Guerre Vue d'une Ambulance," par l'Abbé Félix Klein (Paris: Armand Colin), speaks of the "fragrance of heroism—that penetrating and stimulating perfume which redeems and dominates so much that is horrible physically and mentally," and which this book exhales. It is, as he says, "un hymne à la bonne souffrance." M. Klein is chaplain to the Ambulance Américaine in the Lycée Pasteur at Neuilly, and he has been publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* the impressions which are collected here, beginning on the 3d of August, 1914, and continuing to the end of the year. He gives us therefore an authentic account of the effect on one Frenchman at any rate of events and rumors as they came, not retouched by later knowledge, starting with the wonderful first week that created a united France, when the anti-patriot Hervé demanded to be sent to the front, when Pataud of the electric strikes went on guard at Saint-Cyr, when *La Guerre Sociale* preached social peace, when exiled priests streamed home to enlist, when one-third of the resident clergy joined the colors. "Were there ever such good sermons," asks M. l'abbé, "as those that will not be preached in the parish churches of France?"

The hospital narrative is the same story of almost monotonous patience, courage, and cheerfulness that such records always show. Walt Whitman sat at just such bedsides as these. All sorts of men came under the chaplain's care, Frenchmen from all parts of France, Allies from many countries, black men who, strange to say, had sympathies and antipathies among themselves, and plenty of the Boches. But all had passed through the great simplification that rewards every one who holds his life lightly. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book to readers in this country will be the author's appreciation of American sympathy and the practical forms it has taken. The author gives no hint of the rumored difficulties attending the giving of American help. M. Klein declares that he likes Americans. His visit to us when he lectured at the Lowell Institute left him convinced of our liking for France. He says he approves our conception of neutrality as voiced in a saying which (he tells us) is current "là-bas"—"we are so neutral that we don't care who beats the Germans." And he assures us that "France will never forget."

In "Some Old Scots Judges" (Dutton; $3 net), W. Forbes Gray breaks away from the too familiar ideal of a collection of legal anecdotes and, as he says, attempts to "show what manner of men those old Scottish jurisconsults were—to present a conspectus of their philosophy of life." This to one who had just laid down a bulky tome devoted entirely to legal anecdote was of cheering promise. Nor does the promise prove wholly disappointing. If many of the twelve selected jurists seem to have had no philosophy of life worth recounting, still there are exceptions, and the rest, by their very eccentricities, foibles, and vices, throw an interesting light on the manners of their day and the morals of a time when they were tolerated on the bench. Of such monstrosities as Braxfield and Eskmore, our author has little more to offer than the tale of their cynicism and brutality in and out of court. There are others, however, who, though in their judicial capacity they rise no higher than the standard of a grossly corrupt period, yet, on the whole, deserve better than to owe whatever fame they possess to their judicial laches and their engaging Doric speech. Such was Lord Kames, who "played an important part in the literary revival which occurred in Scotland in the middle of the eighteenth century, and made Edinburgh, rather than London, the true home of learning until the death of Scott." Monboddo is of value chiefly to the anecdotalist; yet he was the friend of many of the literary personages of his day, who must have found his mania for the Ancients a little trying, though he regarded Home's "Douglas" as the greatest of tragedies, "without excepting even the famous discovery in the 'Œdipus Tyrannus,' mentioned by Aristotle as a model of the kind." The book concludes with two pleasant essays, one on Jeffrey and the other on Cockburn, neither of whom can be justly regarded as belonging with his present company. Jeffrey is a figure in literary history, though he never wrote a book; Cockburn's books are still readable and have supplied our author with much of the information so pleasantly retailed. The rest are figures in no history save that of the Scottish bench at the time of its deepest degradation. Many of the incidental anecdotes—unobtrusive but abundant—are new to us. The dying words of Dr. Adam, the celebrated rector of the Edinburgh High School, "But it grows dark, boys:

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you may go," are probably fiction, but almost rank with Col. Newcome's "Adsum."

Dr. James Ten Broeke, professor of philosophy in McMaster University, in a volume entitled "A Constructive Basis for Theology" (Macmillan; $3 net), writes especially for those who have difficulties in reconciling Christian faith with scientific and philosophical conceptions. With such readers in mind, he sketches the influences which contributed to the formation of pre-Reformation theology, outlines the changes in thought occasioned by the initial insistence of the Reformation on the individual, traces with a firm hand the modern ideas of religion as good-will, knowledge, and feeling, and finally reviews the tendencies in contemporary thought, both in the psychology and in the philosophy of religion. The purpose of the historical survey is intended to show that modern thought alone can provide a satisfactory constructive basis for a theology of Christian faith. And by Christian faith in its essence is meant the consciousness of sonship with the Father experienced by the Christian believer, a consciousness similar to that which characterized the personal relation of Jesus to the Father. Theology, in the judgment of our author, is simply organized thinking in the service of the characteristic Christian experience. By coöperative thought, the objective mind of the Christian society is formed. "The different results of theological thinking are not regrettable, for they may be regarded as signs of real and varied experiences which cannot be entirely embodied in fixed objective formulas." A stimulating book to such as would be thoroughly Protestant in method and ideals.

The "Semi-Centennial History of West Virginia," which is published by the Semi-Centennial Commission, and of which Prof. James M. Callahan is in part author and in part editor, is an encyclopædic collection of articles, by various hands, dealing with almost every phase of the history, government, social life, and material resources of the State. The historical sketch, which Professor Callahan contributes, fills about half of the volume, and is extremely well done, particularly in the chapters which deal with the period since about 1870. The various contributed articles maintain, as a whole, an exceptionally high level, and are notably free from the vice of over-emphasis and self-glorification which so often mars books prepared for public celebrations. The numerous pictures, while informing, are of rather inferior execution, but the maps, a number of which have been prepared by Professor Callahan, are a valuable feature. Unfortunately, only the historical sketch has an index.

A bird's-eye view of a much-discussed institution is afforded by President Sharpless's little volume, "The American College" (Doubleday, Page; 60 cents net), the first of a new series by various writers called The American Books and "designed to present a popular, authoritative discussion of typical American problems and movements." The opening chapter on the History of the American College is a series of summaries of the determining events in the making of the older institutions, followed by a sketch of their general development from the period of recitations and fixed curricula to that of lectures, Ph.D.'s, and the elective system. In the chapter on College Administration, the author points out that the American college president has no counterpart in Europe, urges the importance of recognition of the teaching function as well as of research, and assumes that the present system of selecting professors is wise, although "the ideal president in his relation to his faculty will be a leader rather than an employer." Upon the question of admission of students by certificate or examination, Dr. Sharpless remarks that the certificate system, while theoretically reasonable, is perverted and abused by the colleges themselves. Yet, in whatever way admitted, some students turn out to be unprepared, while the results of the Rhodes scholarships have been to demonstrate that there is everywhere a "tendency to superficial interest in a variety of subjects." Of most practical value, perhaps, is the chapter on Student Life, with its review of the changes in methods of discipline and, what is more important, in the relation between students and teachers in this respect. The author's observations are made from a long and successful experience, and can be read with profit by many a perplexed professor who finds himself expected to rule as well as to reign. In the final chapter, on The Function of the College, President Sharpless states his creed: "The primary purpose of the colleges may be said to be to furnish a liberal education. . . . It is not so much the schools of technology and of professional training as the colleges of general learning that produce the great leaders of our nation to-day. . . . The gospel of broad thinking and of high motives other than mercenary must be kept to the front, and the studies which most tend to the furtherance of this gospel must maintain a large place in the course." The quiet tone of the book adds to the force of its conclusions.

In his "Essays on Milton" (Yale University Press; $1.35), Prof. E. N. S. Thompson has provided a modest but sound and pleasant introduction to the most scholarly of the English poets. It is to Milton's scholarship, to his craft, that Professor Thompson evidently thinks we need an introduction, but he has wisely allowed himself to dwell frequently on that large idealism which no sane reader is likely to miss, and which is the undying part of Milton's genius. The scope of the book is indicated by the subjects of its seven chapters—Milton, the Last of the Elizabethans; Milton's Temperament and Ideals; The True Bearing of Milton's Prose; Epic Structure of Paradise Lost; The Sources of Paradise Lost; The Theme of Paradise Lost; Milton's Art. The knowledge the book imparts is not particularly new, but it is well selected. In the insertion of scholarly information Professor Thompson shows much tact; the average reader will be surprised to find how many facts, those despised impediments to the literary spirit, have obtruded upon his attention without offence. The secret of this happy result is that the facts are illuminating, and every page, facts and all, bespeaks a deep love of the subject. This is the sort of book to increase appreciation of poetry. The printing of the volume is admirable.

The Baconian heresy has vexed the world so long that it is something of a relief at first sight to find a rival absurdity taking the field in the form of "Shakspere and Sir Walter Ralegh" (Lippincott; $1.50 net), a posthumous work of Henry Pemberton, jr., in which it is argued that the plays and poems that pass under the name of William Shakespeare are really the productions of Raleigh's pen. It would be pleasant to think that the two theories, like the offspring of the dragon's teeth in the legend of Cadmus, might end by destroying each other, but the new-born monster is not likely to supplant his elder brother, even temporarily, in the affections of those who are naturally attracted by paradox and strange fancies. The book consists of two parts. In the first the author follows the line of argument which the Baconians have made familiar, viz., that it is impossible that a man who belonged to so degraded a class as actors were in Elizabethan days should have composed the works that are traditionally accepted as Shakespeare's. There is even more than the usual exaggeration on this subject, with a touch of snobbery added. To the writer, Richard Burbage—who, if we are to trust the testimony of his contemporaries, was certainly a man of genius—is "the unspeakable Burbage," and he quotes Sir Walter Cope's letter to Viscount Cranbourne (1605) to illustrate the low esteem in which actors were held by the nobility of the time. It is very doubtful whether Cope's words are to be taken *au pied de la lettre*, but, in any event, much more striking is the testimony on the other side of the question which is contained in the letter by the Earl of Pembroke, written just after the death of this same Richard Burbage. This letter, which Mr Pemberton might have read in Mrs. C. C. Stopes's "Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage" (p. 117), expresses a genuine affection and esteem for the dead actor. The fact that Shakespeare and his fellow-actors shared with pewterers, perfumers, and others in the distribution of red cloth which was made by the Master of the (Royal) Wardrobe in preparation for the Royal Procession through the City of London in 1604 excites in our author an unmeasured contempt. Most people will probably see nothing very degrading in this, but we know, besides, that in the early seventeenth century even noblemen did not hesitate to accept the forms of menial service, where the sovereign was concerned.

In Part II the writer proceeds to the (supposedly) constructive portion of his task—namely, to prove that Raleigh was the true author of Shakespeare's works. It will surprise no one to learn that we have here not a semblance of proof to support this preposterous thesis—nothing but a series of wild guesses and assertions that would not stand the test of a kindergarten debating-club, if such an institution existed. Here are some samples of the argumentation: Shakespeare is remarkably accurate in his references to nautical matters. But the actor, Shakespeare, had no opportunity of becoming familiar with the terms of seamanship, etc., whereas Raleigh was one of the great sailors of his age and the only Elizabethan poet whose name is associated with the ocean. Again, according to Mr. Pemberton, Claudius in "Hamlet" stands for James I. Now, the author of "Hamlet" shows an especial animus against this character. But Shakespeare, even if hostile to the king, would not have dared to attack him thus. The case, however, was different with Raleigh, who (as the reader will readily grant) had grievances enough

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against James. It would be manifestly a waste of space to dwell longer on such absurdities.

Justus Miles Forman, who went down with the Lusitania on May 7, was well known as a novelist and a capable writer of short stories. Born in Le Roy, N. Y., on November 1, 1875, Mr. Forman graduated from Yale in 1908, and for three years after his graduation studied painting in the Ateliers Julien in Paris. His first success as a novelist was with "The Garden of Lies," in 1902, which was subsequently dramatized by the author in coöperation with Sydney Grundy, and was produced in London by George Alexander in 1904. Among other novels from Mr. Forman's pen that attracted attention may be mentioned "Bianca's Daughter," 1910; "The Unknown Lady," 1911, and "The Blind Spot," last year. Only a few weeks ago his play, "The Hyphen," dealing with the question of the German-American, was produced by Charles Frohman (himself a victim of the disaster to the Lusitania) at the Empire Theatre, New York. Mr. Forman had lived much abroad and had travelled extensively. He was a Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and was a member of the City, Century, and Yale Clubs in New York.

By the death of Charles Frohman in the disaster to the Lusitania on May 7, the American stage sustains a loss that it can ill afford. Himself the most retiring of men and personally less well known to any except a few intimate friends than any member of his profession, as a theatrical manager he was the most influential figure of the American stage and one whose influence was consistently on the side of what is best in American drama today. Fully aware, as are all of us, that present conditions in the theatrical world are far from ideal, he accepted conditions as he found them and made the best of them. He was not responsible for the decay of the old-time stock company, but he was a pioneer in the organization of a substitute for it that was found in the touring company. In London his reputation as a manager was hardly less than in New York, and it might fairly be said that he was the recognized medium of exchange for European and American productions. Among the prominent players who have been closely associated with his management are Maude Adams, John Drew, Otis Skinner, and Ethel Barrymore. Mr. Frohman was born at Sandusky, O., in 1860, and was educated in the public schools of New York. The humble beginning of his connection with theatrical enterprises was as a ticket-seller at Hooley's Theatre, Brooklyn. His first essay in management was in 1877, when he took charge of a company that played "Our Boys" in the West. His first success was achieved with "Shenandoah," which he saw in Boston in 1888 and of which he bought the rights outside of Boston. The headquarters of his theatrical enterprises were at the Empire Theatre, New York.

Another victim of the Lusitania disaster well known in theatrical circles was Charles Klein, the playwright, who was born in London on January 7, 1867, and was educated at North London College. "The Auctioneer," produced in 1901, which firmly established David Warfield as a star and which was revived only last year, was the first play by Mr. Klein that met with conspicuous success. Equally well known was "The Music Master," produced in 1904, again with Warfield in the leading rôle, and other plays hardly less successful were "The Lion and the Mouse," "The Third Degree," and "The Gamblers." Mr. Klein also wrote, among other plays, "The District Attorney," "El Capitan," "Heartsease," and "The Daughters of Men." Recently Mr. Klein had made his home principally in London.

Eugene Leser, Ph.D., Berlin, 1887, for twenty years a member of the German Department of Indiana University, died at Indianapolis on April 20, in his fifty-first year. He edited Storm's "Pole Poppenspäler" for Henry Holt & Co. in 1913, and, in collaboration with Prof. Carl Osthaus, Sudermann's "Frau Sorge" for Heath in 1911. He also published "Fehler und Lücken in der LI Sermon Saint Bernart benannten Predigtsammlung, nebst einem lexikalischen Anhange," Sondershausen, 1887, and was a contributor to *Modern Language Notes* and the *Journal of English and Germanic Philology*. As a teacher he was profoundly respected because of his untiring interest in the good of his students. As a scholar he was known for his accuracy; as a man, for simple rectitude and unswerving devotion to ideals.

Drama and Music

EUROPEAN PLAYWRIGHTS OF TO-DAY.

Aspects of Modern Drama. By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2 net.

This volume, based upon lectures delivered at various times at Columbia and the University of Cincinnati, represents a vast mass of miscellaneous play-reading and will prove a convenient and generally trustworthy book of reference for all casual students of the drama desiring to familiarize themselves, at a comparatively small cost of labor, with the main characteristics of the leading works of prominent modern European playwrights. Upon the product of American writers for the stage it does not touch. The professor probably thought that the territory covered by him was sufficiently extensive, or, possibly, he may have wished to avoid invidious comparisons. In any case, he has amassed a large amount of varied information in condensed form, and, for the benefit of those readers who may wish to supplement it, he has compiled a full and valuable bibliographical appendix and index. His facts are ample and accurate and his running comments, as a rule, marked, as one would expect, by comprehensive intelligence, although there are instances where a more caustic and decisive criticism might be expected. He is careful, however, to state in his preface that these papers do not pretend to be more "than suggestive and informal discussions of an important topic," and it is a fact that most of his matter is historical or descriptive rather than critical. But he can be dogmatic enough upon occasion, and a more vigorous denunciation of some of the more mischievous false pretences of the bolder realists would have been welcome. He was handicapped, perhaps, by the system which he has adopted of grouping the three hundred plays or so which he discusses according to their topics, not according to their periods or their authors. There is a certain novelty in this, and the arrangement is conducive to easy comparison and broad generalization, but it also involves a good deal of repetition and confusion.

Although Professor Chandler is a great admirer of Ibsen, even calling him "the chief exponent of the modern drama of ideas," he is not blind to the more obvious limitations of the famous Norwegian. He dwells upon his excessive egoism, and his anarchistic views of church, state, and family, and in many ways qualifies his praise with shrewd exceptions, which are refreshing in their common-sense and independence of thought. But there are many readers who will dissent from his high estimate of the abilities and the influence of his subject. And, surely, "tonic" is not the happiest of epithets to apply to Ibsen's hard and narrow philosophy of individualism. It implies qualities of an invigorating and inspiring kind in which his best-known works are notably deficient. Nor is the attempt to establish a parallelism between the Ibsenian faith and Polonius's adjuration to Laertes—"To thine own self be true," etc.—entirely felicitous. The garrulous old chamberlain may be absolved from all suspicion of entertaining advanced individualistic views. He set Laertes a high standard of conduct and told him that if he lived up to it he could not help behaving well to his fellowmen. There is a wide gulf between this and the Ibsenian doctrine. In knowledge of life and of mankind Ibsen was an infant compared with Shakespeare and many lesser writers. But he was a wonderful technician and he taught the invaluable lesson that there was endless material for absorbing drama in the everyday experience of the common herd.

In discussing the themes of naturalism Professor Chandler allows himself the widest boundaries. Sometimes he might almost be suspected of confounding naturalism with convention. It is somewhat difficult, for instance, to discover the naturalism in a poetic, pseudo-historical romance like "L'Aiglon." It is true, of course—even platitudinous—to say that naturalism often plays an important part in romance, but he seems to overlook, or, at all events, insufficiently to recognize, the important fact that the essential difference between realism and romance on the stage is one of treatment, not of subject, plot, or motive. And he fails to consider the question whether realism must not, necessarily, be inferior to romance, in its treatment of many subjects, by reason of its refusal—or incapacity, through limited vision—to avail itself of those imaginative touches which lend reinforcement to the essential verity which is the supreme test of the highest drama.

The plays of Maeterlinck, Hauptmann, Sudermann, Kennedy, Galsworthy, Ibsen, and others, which he cites in his chapter on the drama of symbolism, are perfectly

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good illustrations, but it is manifestly impossible to establish anything like a formulary which shall embrace every variety of plays of this particular genus. Symbolism can be read into almost anything. Ibsen was moved to disavow his own knowledge of the hidden significance which some of his most enthusiastic interpreters discovered in his works. There is nothing new or rare, nothing necessarily precious, in the use of symbolism, which is as old as literature itself. It is not the symbolism in the plays of Maeterlinck that made him and them famous, but the imagination. The important point in the whole subject is that symbolism, to be effective, must be clear. Where it is so hazy as to leave its meaning problematical, it is apt to be positively detrimental.

Professor Chandler has made a fairly representative collection of modern plays dealing with various phases of marital infidelity—the list is inexhaustible—and added somewhat obvious comment to admirable synopses. These essays have their value as memoranda, but do not call for detailed consideration. But his two chapters on the plays of the Irish Theatre are capital. The definitions are clear and the criticism acute and sane. His high estimate of Synge—especially of the splendid felicity of much of his diction, his strokes of true naturalism, and his sense of atmosphere—is amply justified. And most readers will be able to agree with much that he has written in his glowing eulogy of "The Playboy of the Western World," if not with all. He himself, indeed, seems to betray a sub-consciousness of something lacking to the absolute perfection of that now famous piece. Few unbiassed students of it can doubt that Synge—perhaps in the very riot of imagination—permitted himself to err against art and the light of nature, in depicting Christy, not only once, but twice, as an intentional, unrepentant, and boastful parricide. If his victim had been anybody but his father or mother, the humor and satire of the comedy would have been much more potent—because more true—and a needless libel upon a sensitive race avoided.

It is difficult to see what good end can be served by the minute relation of the sheer brutalities of Strindberg and Wedekind or the more decorative nastinesses of D'Annunzio. In the case of the last, the redeeming graces of literary power and poetic fancy are non-apparent in analysis, and only dimly reflected in translation. As examples of "The Tyranny of Love," under which head they are grouped, they are superfluous, if only on account of their extravagance. Some of the pungent criticism to be found in the essay on certain modern plays of social satire applies to them exactly.

J. R. T.

"A MODERN EVE."

It is only necessary to note that this musical comedy, with a formidable list of adapters and composers, was produced last week at the Casino Theatre. One haunting musical number, a pretty dance by Miss Dorothy Webb, and a pleasing impersonation of an impossible rôle by Ernest Glendinning only partially redeem it from utter lack of distinction. Its humor is presumably intended for the edification of fatigued audiences on hot summer evenings, and the sedate mirth it is calculated to evoke will not add to their discomfort; its satire on the women's movement is so banal that it could hardly stir the indignation of the youngest and most determined feminist.

S. W.

"ARMS AND THE MAN."

Time has set its mark on most of the work which first brought fame—already long delayed—to Bernard Shaw. On "Arms and the Man" the mark is a deep one, for the play "dates" unmistakably. It is amusing still, as revived by Mr. Arnold Daly at the Park Theatre, but much of the merriment is of a somewhat mild description. We know now more about militarism—the pros and the cons of it—than ever Mr. Shaw dreamed of when he wrote his play. His satire of the professional soldier, always more amusing than convincing, has become stale through familiarity, and as some of the oldest jests in the world are paraded with not a little pomp and ceremony we wonder how, years ago, we could have found them meet for laughter. Perhaps, too, the time of the revival is unpropitious, the flippancy of Mr. Shaw according ill with our present mood. But any prejudice on this ground apart, the fact remains that "Arms and the Man" has not stood the test of time. The satire has already lost its sting, while other satire, more ephemeral in subject, as Gilbert's "Patience," remains almost as alive to-day as it was a generation ago. On the whole, "The Chocolate Soldier"—the musical adaptation which, we are told, gave umbrage to Mr. Shaw—is dramatically more entertaining than its prototype.

In justice to the author it must be said that Mr. Daly's production of the play in some respects compares unfavorably with previous productions. On the second night, at any rate, only in the last act did the company seem to get together and play with the zest that the piece demands. Mr. Daly himself gave, as usual, an easy and capable performance as Captain Bluntschli, but it was marred, particularly in the first act, by indistinct utterance. Raina Petkoff Mr. Shaw has given us in too many incarnations in other plays, and we are perhaps a little weary of this particular study of the eternal feminine, but even so, Miss Doris Mitchell did considerably less than justice to the character. Mr. George Giddens is essentially a character actor and seemed miscast as Major Petkoff, a part which he played adequately, but without inspiration. The Saranoff of Montagu Love was well conceived, and Mr. Love was successful with the difficult scenes in which that heroic personage conducts the researches into his own psychology. Of the entire cast principal honors must go to Miss Fania Marinoff, whose spirited performance of Louka was admirable in every way.

S. W.

The Russian pianist and composer, Alexander Nicholaevich Scriabin, died on April 27 at Moscow, where he was born on January 10, 1872. His parents planned a military career for him, but his passion for music induced him to go to the Moscow Conservatory, where he became a pupil of Wassili Safonoff, who subsequently, while he was conductor of the New York Philharmonic, brought him over to America, and produced some of his orchestral works. Some of his pieces for piano had previously been played here by Josef Hofmann. In 1892 he had won the gold medal at the Moscow Conservatory. He then lived for some years in Paris, Brussels, Amsterdam, and other cities, where he won some fame both as pianist and as composer. From 1898 to 1903 he was professor of piano-playing at the Conservatory which had given him his education, and thenceforth he devoted himself chiefly to composition. His works include short pieces and seven sonatas for piano, three symphonies, the last of which is particularly "futuristic," and a "poem of fire" entitled "Prometheus," which was played in New York a few weeks ago by the Russian Symphony Orchestra, and which created something of a sensation through its fantastic attempt to associate changing colored lights with the composer's music.

With the exception of the dramatic soprano, Emmy Destinn, and the great Wagnerian conductor, Alfred Hertz, both of whom will be greatly missed, the roster of artists for the next season of opera at the Metropolitan includes all the old favorites. Mr. Hertz's place will be taken by Arthur Bodansky, formerly an associate of Mahler, and lately conductor of the Hofoper in Mannheim. Among the new singers to be added to the list are the Spanish colorature soprano, Maria Barrientos; Julia Heinrich, daughter of the famous baritone, Max Heinrich; two other Americans, Edith Mason and Helen Warrum; Henri Scott, the bass of the Chicago Opera, and the Italian baritone, Giuseppe de Luca. There will be two novelties: the "Goyescas" of the Spanish composer Enriques Granados, whose works have lately come into prominence, and Borodine's "Prince Igor," postponed from the late season on account of delays created by the war. Interesting revivals will be "The Pearl-fishers," by the composer of "Carmen," and the "Sampson and Delilah" of Saint-Saëns, the Grand Old Man in music, who, in his eightieth year, is now on his way from France to San Francisco, where he will deliver a lecture and conduct some concerts.

The announcement made that the Metropolitan Opera House will revive next season one of the two Iphigenies of Gluck adds interest to Berlioz's writings on this reformer, which have just appeared in an English version by Edwin Evans, under the title "Gluck and His Operas" (Scribner; $1.50 net). Gluck's ostensible object in writing these essays was to give an account of certain performances of "Orpheus" and "Alceste," given in Paris, but he made them so deep and comprehensive that they illumine the whole subject of Gluck's relation to music and the drama. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with Berlioz's style, it may be added that his remarks are never dry and that he never hesitates to introduce humorous anecdotes, sometimes of a frivolous character. The translator's work has been admirably done.

Gluck once wrote that in composing an opera he tried to forget above all things that he was a musician. This paradoxical attitude was also held by Wagner, who proclaimed emphatically that the play's the thing, and that his music must lose half its value when detached from the poem. Can it be said, conversely, that his dramatic poems lose half their value when read or declaimed without

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the music? Undoubtedly; the two belong together; and yet the music, alone, fills our concert halls as nothing else does; and as for the poems, there must be a great many more readers of them, or of books about them, than there are opera-goers, if we may judge by a constant stream of publications. The latest is "Stories from Wagner," by J. Walker McSpadden (Thomas Y. Crowell Co.; $1.50). He tells the stories of the eleven operas of Wagner that have held the stage and tells them in prose, as real stories, sufficiently simple for young people to read.

Art

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

An Introduction to Gothic Architecture. By T. Francis Bumpus. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The Secret of a Great Cathedral. By the Very Rev. H. D. M. Spence-Jones, Dean of Gloucester Cathedral. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.

Westminster Abbey: Its Architecture, History, and Monuments. By Helen Marshall Pratt. New York: Duffield & Co. $4.50.

Of the making of books on English Gothic architecture there seems to be no end. Three new books on this subject lie on the reviewer's desk: one by the Dean of a cathedral, one by an ecclesiologist, one by an American lady. The fascination which this subject holds for laymen and their readiness to enlighten the world on a phase of art bristling with technical difficulties are as remarkable as the apparent reluctance of trained architects to venture into that particular field. It must be confessed that the layman has to a considerable extent justified his temerity; the contributions of Charles Moore, Francis Bond, A. K. Porter, and Henry Adams to this literature (to mention only four), whatever technical deficiencies may be alleged against them, have been contributions of real value, the products of serious scholarship, adding materially to the general stock of knowledge on an important subject.

The volume by T. Francis Bumpus belongs to a different class. Mr. Bumpus is an ecclesiologist, and while there are passages of a few pages each, here and there, in which he discusses very inadequately the Norman, Early English, and Decorated styles in England, with brief side-references to mediæval architecture on the Continent, he nowhere displays any real grasp of either the structural or æsthetic factors of the developments he tries to elucidate. Among his 143 illustrations there is not a single complete church plan, or section, or any diagram or detail of construction; while such fundamentally important topics as vaulting and buttressing are only cursorily treated. The text rambles on promiscuously among the cathedrals and parish churches of England, somewhat after the fashion of a county guide, with little plan or system. Mr. Bumpus has personal acquaintance with a vast number of parish churches, but does not make his erudition vitally interesting. He has not learned that the Pantheon at Rome was not the "caldarium of the Baths of Agrippa," but was built by Trajan, as the world has known ever since 1892; and he considers Westminster Abbey "infinitely superior" to Rheims Cathedral "in every respect except the west front." The entire period and style known as the Perpendicular he dismisses with a brief half-page notice, although he considers it the most splendid development of the national art!

The Dean of Gloucester Cathedral has published an entertaining and readable little volume on the origin of certain features of mediæval church architecture. In an effort "to answer briefly some of the leading questions put to him in the long course of his office as chief custodian" of Gloucester Cathedral, he discusses the origin of the Romanesque style, and of the triforium, Lady Chapel, crypt, and cloister in the mediæval cathedrals, with a concluding chapter on chapels of St. Petronilla. The historical and ecclesiological data are generally trustworthy, the architectural data less so, though free from egregious errors or omissions. The remarks on Greek and Roman architecture appear to be based on Freeman rather than on any valid personal study of the subject, and are somewhat naïvely amusing. The statement that the gallery over the side-aisle was unknown in the West until the coming of the Anglo-Norman school is hardly correct, and the importance of the rôle assigned to the *magistri comacini*, on which he insists, has elicited strong dissent from many competent authorities. In general, however, the theories advanced are rational and are stated with moderation and simplicity; the discussion is historical and ecclesiological rather than architectural, and the style is simple and entertaining.

Westminster Abbey is the subject of Helen Marshall Pratt's latest labors in the field of English church architecture. The two thick but not too heavy volumes, in which she presents the results of several years of study, are chiefly occupied with the historical annals of the host of men and women whose names are in any way associated with the Abbey, interspersed with brief descriptions of the fabric and its chapels and tombs. The architectural history of the Abbey hardly receives the relative attention its importance deserves, but the information given is generally trustworthy so far as it goes. The work is an elaborate and agreeable historical guide to the building and its contents, lacking somewhat in the sense of proportion, but excellent as a reference-book. It is provided with appendices, a remarkably full bibliography, and an adequate index, and the printing and make-up are excellent. The two volumes may well serve as a supplement to Bond's work on Westminster Abbey, which is chiefly architectural and ecclesiological in its treatment.

Finance

THE LUSITANIA TRAGEDY AND WALL STREET.

Every other consideration was instantly superseded on the Stock Exchange, last Friday, by the news of the Lusitania, and the exceedingly violent decline in prices, that day and on Monday, were witness to the grave possibilities which Wall Street recognized in the sequel to this news. Yet it was also possible to say that the feeling of horror and detestation at this frightful act so far superseded every other consideration as to leave no possibility of drawing clear conclusions as to what must follow it. But this very bewilderment had its quite unavoidable result. The Stock Exchange, which often and accurately foreshadows the feeling of the nation, at conjunctures not immediately bound up with material affairs, fell into the almost panicky disorder which will make the past week one of the landmarks in Wall Street history.

Purely as a financial landmark, it is hardly probable that the 7th of May, 1915, will stand out in reminiscence exactly like the 9th of May, 1901, or the 26th of October, 1907, or the "war panic day" of July 30, 1914. The three-day decline which culminated Monday, in stocks which had been the focus of the past month's extravagant speculation, ran to such extremes as 12 points in National Lead, 14 in American Locomotive, 15 in "Studebaker," 19 each in General Motors and Westinghouse Electric, and 33 in Bethlehem Steel—not to mention declines of 5 to 8 points in such investment shares of railway companies as Union Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, and Northern Pacific. These declines would of themselves make respectable comparison with the other celebrated days just referred to. But the permanent interest in those occasions arose from the fact that they marked the culmination and closing of an epoch-making financial and economic movement. Each of them was so recognized at the time; but nobody classified this market precisely in that way.

It was difficult to classify its real significance, because of the character of the news that wrecked the market. The principle is perfectly understood by intelligent Wall Street men, that when speculation has been running wild, and especially when its extravagances have been grounded on the assumption that news will never be anything but favorable, any news that comes with a shock will bring the reckoning. But the past week's market will be associated in a very unusual way with the news which immediately caused it. That it appealed with the violence it did to the financial as well as the popular imagination was due to all the circumstances of the case.

Last Friday's market closed with the report that all the Lusitania's passengers had been saved just circulating; the following days had to face the real facts of the sit-

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uation. The ferocious act of the German submarine commander and the German Admiralty stood forth the next morning in all its naked horror, and with its vista of unknown consequences wide open. The stock market's attitude, in the face of such conditions, was necessarily that of the greatest bewilderment. From one point of view, it was much as if the stock market of April 15, 1912, had been endeavoring to reflect the alternation of contradictory news regarding the passengers of the Titanic. In this present episode, the gloom and despondency which spread over the city on that previous occasion is repeated; but deepened, in a manner new to the history of civilization, by the whole community's sense of the monstrous wickedness of the perpetrators of this act, of its projectors in Europe, and of the accessories before the fact in this country.

When Wall Street men asked one another, after hearing all the news, What does it mean? and, What does it foreshadow? they were not speaking of the stock market, or even of the technicalities of international law. The questions were a bewildered testimony to the feeling that the world was in the presence of a frightful phenomenon, never known before in the history of civilization. An appalling sense that a Frankenstein was running loose among the nations, and that what had been done might be only a prelude to what would be done hereafter, testified to a situation which, in one way or another, even a Stock Exchange could not keep out of its reckoning. It was this mood of the financial community which gave to the occasion a different character from that of other violent readjustments in the market.

What is the bearing of the Lusitania incident on the war itself? This is one question which would determine financial inferences. Wall Street is not ready with the answer. Of the notion that this ferocious and wicked act had any connection with the strategic fortunes of the war, there was last Friday not the slightest trace. Very few people in the financial community suggested for a moment that the occurrence of that day would interrupt the movement of ocean trade between the United States and England.

This, in its full scope, remains no doubt to be determined. But the formidable uncertainty as to our own resultant relations with the German Government, and the uneasy doubt which arose in many minds concerned the questions, What is to be the later character of a war whose first few months have been marked by such departure from the principles of humanity and civilization? Will this series of portentous incidents go on rising to a yet more ghastly climax? Will one side be tempted to use against the other all the devices which that other has employed? If so, what will it eventually mean to Europe? These are questions which neutral observers, and a neutral market, have been reluctant even to ask. But they are being compelled to ask them.

How these unsettled questions will affect the financial situation in the larger sense, as the war goes on, is a matter which events must determine. The Stock Exchange has learned at least that a state of world-wide war is not a propitious occasion for unruly and extravagant speculation.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Altsheler, J. A. The Forest of Swords. Appleton. $1.30 net.
Bazin, R. The Children of Alsace. Brentano's. $1 net.
Howard, K. Merry-Andrew. Lane. $1.35 net.
London, J. The Scarlet Plague. Macmillan. $1 net.
Lyon, L. G. The Greenwoods. Neale Pub. Co. $1.25 net.
MacNaughtan, S. A Green Englishman. Dutton. $1.35 net.
Merwin, S. The Honey Bee. Bobbs-Merrill. $1.35 net.
Moore, G. Celibates. Brentano's. $1.35 net.
Reynolds, M. J. The Caryon Clue. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.35 net.
Rossignol, J. E. Le. Jean Baptiste. Dutton. $1.50 net.
Skinner, Ada and Eleanor. The Emerald Story Book. Duffield. $1.50 net.
Spooner, A. W. Pauline. Boston: Sherman, French. $1.35 net.
Steele, R. One Man. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50 net.
Train, A. The Man Who Rocked the Earth. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Wells, C. The White Valley. Phila.: Lippincott. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Bowley, A. I. The Measurement of Social Phenomena. London: King & Son.
Cohen, H. L. The Ballade. Columbia University Press.
Gough, A. B. Abraham Cowley: The Essays and Other Writings. Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d. net.
Gray, H. Finland: A Little Land that Is True to Itself. Neale Pub. Co.
Harris, W. H. My School Days. Neale Pub. Co. $1.10.
Haverfield, F. The Romanization of Roman Britain. Third edition, further enlarged. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net.
Holtzclaw, W. H., and Washington, B. T. The Black Man's Burden. Neale Pub. Co. $1.50 net.
Indoor Games for Awkward Moments. Collected by Ruth Blakely. Hearst International Library Co. $1 net.
Johnson, H. Dante's Divine Comedy. Yale University Press. $2.50 net.
Ladd, G. T. What Should I Believe? Longmans, Green.
Letters of Sidonius. Translated, with introduction and notes, by O. M. Dalton. Vols. I and II. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d. net each.
McAlpin, C. Hermaia: A Study in Comparative Esthetics. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Militarism vs. Feminism: An Inquiry and a Policy. London: George Allen & Unwin. 6d. net.
Murray, G. The Alcestis of Euripides. Oxford University Press. 75 cents.
New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. Vol. IX. Spring—Standard. Oxford University Press. $1.25.
New International Year Book. 1914. Edited by F. M. Colby and others. Dodd, Mead.
Parsons, A. C. A Hausa Phrase Book. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d. net.
Parthian Stations by Isidore of Charax. An Account of the Overland Trade Route between the Levant and India in the First Century B. C. The Greek text, with a translation by Wilfred H. Schoff. Phila.: The Commercial Museum.
Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society. Vol. 24, Part 2. Worcester, Mass.: By the Society.
Publications of the Champlain Society. Volumes II and III. Toronto: Champlain Society.
Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada. Edited by G. M. Wrong, H. H. Langton, and W. S. Wallace. Volume XIX. University of Toronto. $1.25 net.
Seymour, A. A-B-C of Good Form. Harper. 50 cents.
The Scholia on the Aves of Aristophanes. Collected and edited by John Williams White. Boston: Ginn.
Tipper, H. and Others. Advertising: Its Principles and Practice. Ronald Press Co.
Vance, W. J. Stone's River. Neale Pub. Co. $1.10.
Vose, E. N. The Spell of Flanders. Boston: Page. $2.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Robinson, C. M. First Church Chronicles: Centennial History of the First Presbyterian Church. Rochester, N. Y.: The Craftsman Press.
University of Chicago Sermons by Members of the University Faculties. $1.50 net.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Durand, E. D. The Trust Problem. Harvard University Press.
Flippin, P. S. The Financial Administration of the Colony of Virginia. Johns Hopkins University Studies. Baltimore, Md.: The Johns Hopkins Press.
Taussig, F. W. Some Aspects of the Tariff Question. Harvard University Press. $2 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Bax, E. B. German Culture: Past and Present. McBride. $1.25 net.
Becke, Capt. A. F. Napoleon and Waterloo. Vols. I. and II. London: Kegan Paul. $8 net per set.
Becker, C. L. Beginnings of the American People. (Riverside History of the United States.) Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Calendar of the Correspondence of George Washington, Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, with the Officers. Vol. III, 1780-1784. Vol. IV, Index. Prepared by John C. Fitzpatrick. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Lees, B. A. Alfred the Great. Putnam. $2.50 net.
MacCorkle, W. A. The Monroe Doctrine in its Relation to the Republic of Haiti. Neale Pub. Co. $1 net.
Mackail, J. W. Russia's Gift to the World. Hodder & Stoughton.
Robbins, H. Lucius Tuttle: An Appreciation. Boston: W. A. Butterfield.
Ross, E. A. South of Panama. Century. $2.40 net.

TRAVEL.

Oswald, F. Alone in the Sleeping-Sickness Country. London: Kegan Paul. $3 net.
Wood, R. K. The Tourist's Maritime Provinces. Dodd, Mead. $1.25 net.

POETRY.

McGiffert, G. H. A Florentine Cycle and Other Poems. Putnam.
Masters, E. L. Spoon River Anthology. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Nature's Moods. A Little Anthology of Verse. Compiled by Leonard Stowell. Macmillan. 80 cents.
The Call of the Open. A Little Anthology of Contemporary and Other Verse. Compiled by Leonard Stowell. Macmillan. 80 cents.
The Sculptor's Model and Other Poems. Anonymous. Oxford University Press. 1s. net.

SCIENCE.

Haviland, C. F. The Treatment and Care of the Insane in Pennsylvania. Phila.: Public Charities Association of Penna.
Key, W. E. Feeble-Minded Citizens in Pennsylvania. Phila.: Public Charities Association of Penna.
Minchin, G. M. A Treatise on Statics. Vol. II. Fifth edition. Revised by H. T. Gerrans. Oxford University Press.
Morman, J. B. The Principles of Rural Credits. (Rural Science Series.) Macmillan. $1.25 net.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Barnes, J. H. Forty Years on the Stage. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Carus, P. K'Ung Fu Tze. A Dramatic Poem. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. 50 cents.

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ART.

Barstow, C. L. Famous Buildings. Century.
Byne, Arthur, and Stapley, Mildred. Rejería of the Spanish Renaissance. The Hispanic Society of America.

TEXTBOOKS.

Calisch, E. N. Methods of Teaching Jewish History. Jewish Chautauqua Society.
Lee, J. Play in Education. Macmillan. $1.50 net.
Racine, J. Bérénice. Edited by R. E. Pellissier. Oxford University Press. 35 cents.
Weglein, D. E. Methods of Teaching Pedagogy Applied to Religious Instruction. Jewish Chautauqua Society.

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